LUCIUS HANSEN
MANTUA UT

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April

April, with your tears and laughter,
Weeping now, to smile soon after;
April, you are dear to me,
With your heart-felt sympathy.

How I love your gentle seeming!
Yours no mind for placid dreaming;
Deep emotion is your part,
Tender, like a human heart.

Tears for Winter-Storm-King's passing,
Smiles for Springtime's bloom amassing,
Sighs for mist-cold morning's dawn,
Thrills for roseate evening's balm.

May I, thy sweet impulse heeding,
Lend myself to human needing?—
Never be ashamed to give
Tears or smiles whilst heart-cares live!

Tridell, Utah ALICE MORRILL

Photo by O. J. Grimes

FREMONT RIVER, NEAR FRUITA, UTAH

"But he looked into her eyes, and the far off tumble, rumble, tumble of the river spoke to him." See story, "Still Voices," page 520 in this number.

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XXVIII APRIL, 1925 No. 6

FAITH IN THE LIVING GOD

BEWARE OF A LACK OF FAITH IN THE WAYS OF THE LORD*

BY PRESIDENT ANTHONY W. IVINS

"Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls. But they said, We will not walk therein.

"Also I set watchmen over you, saying, Hearken to the sound of the trumpet. But they said, We will not hearken.

"Therefore hear, ye nations, and know, O congregation, what is among them.

"Hear, O earth; behold, I will bring evil upon this people, even the fruit of their thoughts, because they have not hearkened unto my words, nor to my law, but rejected it."—Jer. 6:16-19.

My brethren and sisters, I stand before you, awed in the presence of this great congregation of Latter-day Saints, and in the presence of God, our Father who, I know is here by his Spirit. I feel dependent upon him, dependent upon you, and the exercise of your faith in my behalf, to help me during the few moments of time which I expect to occupy.

The Path of the Lord

The way, or path, to which the scripture which I have read refers, is the path, or road, in which the Lord desires, and has always desired, that his people shall walk.

The Trails and Paths of Men

Roads made by men thread the world. They have many beginnings, and some of them intricate and devious winding before the end is reached. Some of them are broad and easy to follow, and

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converge into other like roads, along which multitudes constantly travel, multitudes who appear to be striving for the same objective, a destination which the history of the past shows but few reach. In the beginning these roads were mere trails. Men knew the direction in which they wished to travel, the destination which they desired to reach, but no one had traveled the road before them, no trail had been blazed, there were no markers to follow, and they went blindly on, often to disaster, and sometimes to death.

In their effort to reach the Pacific coast, less than one hundred years ago, people perished from thirst, when there was water in abundance near. No one had been over the road before them, and they perished in the deserts of sand, because there was no track to follow.

Today no man would attempt to reach Utah from Santa Fe by the route traveled by Cardenas more than three hundred years ago, we have learned that the Grand Canyon of the Colorado interposes an insurmountable barrier, a barrier which cannot be crossed, but know that there are other trails which make the passage of the great canyon and river possible. No party of travelers would attempt to reach the Pacific Coast by the route followed by the company of emigrants who perished in Death Valley, in 1849.

The impassable barriers, and relentless death traps have become known, the roads and trails have been charted, and the wayfarer, knowing his danger avoids them.

The roads built by man are constructed to satisfy the demands of his environment. Over them he carries his commerce, they bring into close relationship remote communities and add greatly to his pleasure, convenience and comfort. They have become so well defined that they may be traveled with perfect safety and confidence, for from the starting point to our destination the way is plainly marked, though it take us to the other side of the world.

One Road Which Men have not Desired to Follow

There is one road which the great majority of mankind have never, as yet, cared to follow, notwithstanding the fact that the destination to which it leads is more desirable than any other. Since the earliest period of the existence of man, so far as we have record of his existence, the way has been plainly marked, and the destination to which the road leads well understood, but men have said, we will not walk therein.

Since the beginning of time, as we count it, men have shown by their works, that from the influences and teachings of the remote past, the conviction has prevailed that birth into this life is not the beginning of the existence of man, nor is death the end of it. The people of the world, whether civilized or savage, so far as my personal observation and study enable me to judge, have always found

some outward means of expression, by which their faith in the invisible is shown. It may be by worship of the forces of nature, the sun, the moon or stars, or they may bow down to images of wood, or stone or gold. In whatever form, this worship is but the expression of faith in the intangible forces in which man believes, and to which he acknowledges his debt of allegiance and service.

Perpetuity of Peoples and Government Dependent on Religious Faith

I know of no great nation of antiquity which did not have, in connection with its system of civil government, a code of ethics which embraced in its doctrines, and had for its purpose, the ends which we moderns seek in the various forms of religion which we believe in and practice. The perpetuity of the various forms of government which prevailed was dependent, as all governments are, entirely upon the ethical, or religious faith and practice of the people, for, if we are to judge by the history of the past, without the higher ideals of ethical life, applied in the administration of civil affairs, no nation can long survive.

The earth on which we dwell was designed by the Creator to be the home of man; and, for the benefit and blessing of his children, the Lord plainly marked the path, or way in which they should travel. He taught them that, being the Former of the universe, and Father of the spirits of all men, holding dominion over the earth, and all that pertains to it, that we, in appreciation of the blessings which we enjoy, should acknowledge our obligation to the Giver, by obedience to his will and reverence to his laws.

We know that our sojourn in this life is but transitory, that we must pass from mortality, and the Lord has taught us that by observance of certain simple laws which he has given, or by traveling in the road which he has marked out, we may find our way back into his presence, where, if our conduct in mortality justifies, we will be crowned with glory, immortality, and eternal life.

We have but limited knowledge of the hand-dealing of the Lord with the ante-diluvian people, but sufficient is preserved to show that notwithstanding the fact that he sent prophets among them, who warned them of the judgments to come, because of their transgression, they refused to listen, the result being that when the flood came they perished in their sins.

One would suppose that the dreadful experience through which these people passed would have been sufficient to have impressed the sons of Noah, who were among the survivors, that they never would have forgotten, but it was but a short time after they became established on the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris when they had so far forgotten their obligation to the Lord, their Father and deliverer, that in

his anger he confounded their language and scattered them abroad on the face of the earth.

A Great Event, and a Mighty Purpose Foretold

It was at this time that an event occurred which was of great importance to us, we people who are permitted to live in this the greatest dispensation of the history of the world, in this land which is choice above all other lands. Foreseeing that the people of Babylon and Nineveh would not repent of their wickedness, and return to his service, the Lord took a small company from the great tower which was in course of construction, and under the leadership of inspired men brought them to this land which we now occupy.

That knowledge of the redemption which was to come to the human family through the infinite atonement which would be made by Jesus Christ was possessed from the beginning by the people of the world is plainly shown by the scripture, and is particularly emphasized in the revelations which have come to the Church in our day. In order that this great truth might not be lost sight of, the Lord has, at various times, and in divers places, manifested to his servants, either by dream or vision, or by personal appearance, the importance and indispensable necessity of faith in it. It naturally followed that with the renewal of the old covenant, with the small body of people, whom he designed to bring to a new world, he should again make clear to them this great truth, by which their lives were to be governed, either for their blessing or condemnation, and this he did to the brother of Jared, under the following circumstances:

The Great Truth Made Clear by Revelation

While engaged in prayer the voice of the Lord came to him, as follows:

"Believest thou the words which I shall speak?

"And he answered: Yea, Lord, I know that thou speakest the truth, for thou art a God of truth, and canst not lie.

"And when he had spoken these words, behold the Lord showed himself to him, and said: Because thou knowest these things thou art redeemed from the fall; therefore ye are brought back into my presence; therefore I show myself unto you. Behold I am he who was prepared from the foundation of the world to redeem my people. Behold, I am Jesus Christ. In me shall all mankind have light, and that eternally, even they who shall believe on my name: and they shall become my sons and daughters.

"And never have I showed myself unto man whom I have created, for never has man believed in me as thou hast. Seest thou that ye are created after mine own image? Yea, even all men were created in the biginning after mine own image.

"Behold, this body, which you now behold, is the body of my spirit; and man have I created after the body of my spirit; and even as I appear to thee to be in the spirit will I appear unto my people in the flesh."

Results of an Ancient Warning Unheeded

By this we see, my brethren and sisters, that more than two

thousand years before he manifested himself in the flesh Christ showed himself to this man, that a witness might be had among the people of his existence and future ministry among men. Before this people reached the American continent the Lord warned them of the consequence of disobedience, and made known the conditions upon which they were dependent, either for success or failure, after their arrival here. Let me read:

"And the Lord would not suffer that they should stop beyond the sea in the wilderness, but he would that they should come forth, even unto the land of promise, which was choice above all other lands, which the Lord God had preserved for a righteous people.

"And he had sworn in his wrath unto the brother of Jared, that whoso should possess this land of promise, from that time henceforth and forever, should serve him, the true and only God, or they should be swept off when the fulness of his wrath should come upon them.

"And now, we can behold the decrees of God concerning this land that it is a land of promise; and whatsoever nation shall possess it shall serve God, or they shall be swept off when the fulness of his wrath shall come upon them. And the fulness of his wrath cometh upon them when they are ripened in iniquity.

"For behold, this is a land which is choice above all other lands; wherefore he that does possess it shall serve God or shall be swept off; for it is the everlasting decree of God. And it is not until the fulness of iniquity among the children of the land, that they are swept off.

"And this cometh to you, O ye Gentiles, that ye may know the decrees of God, that ye may repent, and not continue in your iniquities until the fulness come, that ye may not bring down the fulness of the wrath of God upon you as the inhabitants of the land have hitherto done.

"Behold, this is a choice land, and whatsoever nation shall possess it shall be free from bondage, and from captivity, and from all other nations under heaven, if they will but serve the God of the land, who is Jesus Christ."

It is sufficient at this time to state that, notwithstanding this admonition, and the many manifestations of the power and mercy of the Lord, which were had among them, the Jaredites refused to walk in the way that the Lord had marked out, went into transgression, and finally, through war and contention, ceased to exist as a nation.

More than one thousand years after the Jaredites were led away from the tower of Babel, the Lord again brought a small colony of people from the old world, this time from Jerusalem, and established them in America, a people known, and referred to in the records which they kept, as the Nephites.

To them the Lord repeated the promise which he had made to the Jaredites: He would lead them to a choice land, which should be their inheritance, and great prosperity would attend them on one condition, namely, that they should be devoted to the God of the land, who is Jesus Christ. The doctrine of the atonement was revealed to them, and after his resurrection the Redeemer appeared, and organized his Church among them. For two hundred years after the organization of the Church, the Nephite people enjoyed a great degree of peace, prosperity and happiness, but like the Jaredites before them, they refused to walk in the old paths, and when the prophets, whom the Lord

raised up, warned them that the road in which they were traveling would lead to disaster, and that the way of the Lord was so plainly marked that a wayfarer, though a fool, need not err, they said, We will not walk therein. When the watchmen said, Hear the sound of the trumpet, which calls you back to the old way, they said, We will not listen. Disobedience resulted, as it always has, in loss of the birthright which the Lord had given them, and the destruction of another nation which might, if obedient, have continued until the present.

Modern Discovery of America

This brings us to another epoch, or dispensation, of greater importance to us, to the world at large, than any which has preceded it. Another period of one thousand years had elapsed. When the Lord inspired Columbus to sail away from Spain, and directed him to the shores of the New World, the first step had been taken in the opening of the greatest gospel dispensation which the world has ever known, a dispensation looked forward to by the prophets of old, in which the Lord said that he would consummate his work, and prune his vineyard for the last time, when the wheat was to be garnered, and the tares bound in bundles, and burned.

By natural means, as the Lord always operates for the accomplishment of his purposes, means so simple that the thoughtless and unbelieving do not see the manifestation of his power, he brought the Puritans from the old world to New England, the Dutch to New York, the English Cavaliers to Virginia, and the French to New Orleans, a combination of races which, paradoxical as it may appear, was just calculated to give us the composite America that made the United States of America what it is, the greatest nation of the world today.

Inspired men have been raised up who have given us our form of government, and the code of laws by which we are controlled, the best ever evolved by man, so far as we are able to judge. The Lord has strengthened the arms of the patriots who have defended us against the assaults of all those who have come up against us, and delivered us until today, from those who would have torn us asunder. Against all opposition, I sometimes think almost against ourselves, the Lord has brought us to our present condition, until this nation, like a city set on a hill, has become the light of the world.

Are We to Profit by Past Experiences?

I have gone hastily over the history of the past, which brings us to the present, to us the most important period of the world's history. because it is our day, the day in which the conduct of the world affairs, with which we are directly associated has been entrusted to us, when we are to prove whether or not we are to benefit by the experiences of the past, avoiding the pitfalls into which our predecessors have fallen, and profiting by the markers which they have placed along the road

which leads to happiness and success, while we avoid those which the experience of the past teach us inevitably lead to disappointment and failure.

All Institutions and Interests Dependent on the Stability of Government

The welfare of the Church, and every other interest and institution of our country, is dependent upon the stability of our civil government, by which our every interest is controled. There is nothing which we call our own, not even our lives, which is not subject to its demands. However much we may resist or say we will not, it compels submission.

Our government can be no better than its citizenship, since the men who frame and execute the laws are chosen from among the body of the people, and consequently reflect the character of the majority of the electorate.

It is Time We Take Note of the Signboards of History

Has the time come when it is worth while that we pause and carefully examine ourselves, when we should take note of the sign boards which history has placed along the road which we are traveling? Is it worth while to inquire whither this road leads? To listen to the pleadings of those who have gone over it before, and know the death traps which are scattered all along the way, or shall we go blindly on ignoring the experiences of the past, until chaos shall come to us as it has come to those who have occupied this choice land before?

I have gone back over the road which leads to Babylon and Nineveh, to Thebes and Memphis, to Tyre and Sidon, to Greece and Rome, and all along the way have seen these words of warning blazed in the tree-trunks, and cut into the face of the rocks—Beware of lack of faith in a living God. Beware of selfishness, of personal ambition, of pride, of love of power and dominion, of disregard for the honor of men, and the virtue of women, for the end of this road is disappointment and death.

I believe that every soul present desires the perpetuity of our government. It would be a source of sorrow to know that there is a person here who is not willing to give his all that this desired end may be achieved. If this is to be accomplished we must avoid the road which those who have gone before have followed. I fear, as I contemplate our present condition, that some of the paths in which we are walking, if we continue to follow them, will lead us into the broad road from which few turn back, once they have entered into it.

Our Neglects and Serious Transgressions

Our reverence toward our Father and God is not manifested in our lives as it should be. Instead of honoring his holy name, as we should,

we openly and unblushingly profane it, notwithstanding the fact that he has told us that we should not take his name in vain, and that he who does so will not be found guiltless.

We are told that only the simple minded and uninformed believe in or prcatice the doctrine of prayer, and this world-old command of the Lord, this principle which opens the gates of heaven, and brings us into communion with the Father, through his Only Begotten Son, has been almost entirely eliminated from the American home, and is no longer regarded as a necessary, or even proper part of our public school system.

We loudly acclaim our devotion to, and love for American ideals, and pose as patriotic, law-abiding citizens, while the very men who enact our laws, and are appointed to enforce them, too often violate the law, and the trust reposed in them, as if they were exempt from that which they require others to obey. Our trusted agents who have the management of our public affairs, too often prove themselves to be rogues and swindlers by uniting with the men whom they profess to detect and prosecute, to rob us of that which they are employed to protect.

Men, profound in their knowledge of the law, too often use their great learning, not to uphold and magnify the law, but to pervert it, and find means by which we may avoid its just requirements. Self confessed criminals, guilty of the most heinous crimes, premeditated in their execution, are turned loose upon defenseless, law-abiding communities, to continue their criminal practices upon those whom the law is designed to protect.

In These Transgressions We Are Traveling the Blazed Trails to Death

We are rapidly converting the Sabbath day, which should be observed as a day of rest and devotion, into one of pleasure, rather than worship. Are we becoming lovers of pleasure, rather than lovers of God? If so, we are traveling in one of those blazed trails which lead to death, rather than life.

God Has Revealed His Way; Will We Walk Therein?

I bear this witness: That in the age in which we live the Lord has again revealed himself to man. He has again marked the road in which we should walk. It is the old way, and the voice of the prophets of the Lord has been heard calling upon the people to walk in it for nearly one hundred years. The sound of the trumpet has been heard, but men have said, We will not walk in the road marked out, neither will we listen to the sound of the trumpet which calls us back from the broad road which we are following.

God's Path. Decree and Will Revealed. Will the People Hearken?

The decree of the Almighty regarding this land is in force today, as it was in the days of the Jaredites, and the Nephites. It is an everlasting decree, and we, as other peoples who have occupied this choice land, must be governed by it or suffer the consequence. Let me conclude my remarks by reading briefly from the Book of Mormon. This is the scripture of the American continent, the destiny of this land is outlined in it as in no other book. The road, or way, is plainly marked, no one need err who will follow the blazed trail. It is a straight and narrow way, but easy to follow, notwithstanding the many cross roads which intercept it. All of the danger points have been charted, and the way of safety plainly shown.

The man who sealed up this record, and through whom it came to us, said:

"And now I speak unto all the ends of the earth—that if the day cometh that the power and gifts of God shall be done away among you, it shall be because of unbelief.

"And wo be unto the children of men if this be the case. * * * I exhort you to remember these things; for the time speedily cometh that ye shall know that I lie not, for ye shall see me at the bar of God: And the Lord God will say unto you: Did I not declare my words unto you, which were written by this man, like as one crying from the dead, yea, even as one speaking out of the dust? * * * And God shall show unto you, that which I have written is true.

"And again I would exhort you that you would come unto Christ, and lay hold upon every good gift, and touch not the evil gift, nor the unclean thing. * * *

"And now I bid you all farewell. I soon go to rest in the paradise of God, until my spirit and body shall again reunite, and I am brought forth triumphant through the air, to meet you before the pleasing bar of the great Jehovah, the Eternal Judge of both quick and dead. Amen."

The Reason

There's a baby reaching blindly
  For a Mother's warm embrace;
There's a husband kneeling dumbly
  By the side of a still, white face.

There's a broken heart and a broken home,
  A place that can not be filled;
A life of anguish and longing
  For a voice forever stilled.

Is God unmindful of things like these?
  Doesn't he know or care?
Yes; but can Heaven be Heaven
  Without there are *Mothers* there!

Shelley, Idaho. AGNES JUST REID.

THE HERITAGE AND PROMISE

By John Henry Evans
Author of "One Hundred Years of Mormonism"

Part II

III

"Mormonism" has always taught the Gospel of Work. Its revelations, its sermons, and its documents generally are full of condemnation for the idler and of promises for the man who gives honest toil. And these teachings have been consistently backed up in practice.

"An idle brain," says the old adage, "is the devil's workshop." Certainly it is fruitful of great mischief in boy and man, in girl and woman. Activity is man's, as it is nature's, normal condition, activity of both mind and body, and when profitable and honorable work is denied him his restless brain and muscle will find an outlet in evil. Idleness is especially demoralizing when it is accompanied with wealth. Absence of compelling motives to industry in the world's leisure class—the "unworking aristocracy" of which Carlyle speaks, a class of men that think themselves entitled to "live sumptuously on the marrow of the earth" without doing anything at all in return—has generally proved degenerating. Idleness leads to parasitism, a living permanently on the fruits of others' toil, a blood-sucking sort of life, of which a man made in the image of God should be ashamed. It is almost always attended by certain crimes—theft, lying, sometimes murder. Its general accompaniment is poverty, distress, ignorance. More than any other one thing else it is responsible for ignorance and crime. In the long run, both in the community and the individual, it spells death.

Honorable work, on the other hand, is one of the most wholesome, upbuilding influences that can come into one's life. In work, says the sage of Chelsea, "there is a perennial nobleness, even sacredness. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is hope in a man that actually and earnestly works. The desire to get work done will itself lead one more and more to truth. A man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seed-fields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself ceases to be a jungle and foul, unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sort of labor, the whole soul of man is composed into a kind of harmony, the instant he sets himself to work!" Just as idleness is death, so labor is life. Without labor there is no worthy life. "All work of man is as the swimmer's. A waste ocean threatens to devour him. If he front it not bravely, it will keep its word. But incessant, wise defiance of it, lusty rebuke and buffet

of it, behold how loyally it supports him, bears him as its conqueror along." Nothing in the civilized life that can be called worthy but has come through work of hand or brain. And this can easily be lost through idleness, just as a garden or field, neglected, goes to weeds. No higher tribute can be paid a community than to say that every adult is at work on a job for which he is best fitted and for which he receives all he earns. And this ideal would go farther than any other one thing to bring man to the happiness that we have come to associate with the Millennium.

Work, physical and mental and social, is a cardinal principle of the "Mormon" Church.

Not only is "the laborer worthy of his hire," but "he that is idle shall not eat the bread nor wear the garments of the laborer." This fundamental precept runs like a continuous thread all through the fabric of "Mormon" thought. And like everything else that is "Mormon" it is hooked up with religion. The quotation just given is from one of the revelations to Joseph Smith. In more than one of these religious pronouncements of the Prophet, the Lord is represented as greatly displeased with idleness. "Cease to be idle," is an injunction to the early Saints, "cease to sleep longer than is needful." And to the end apparently that the worker may be efficient he is admonished to retire betimes to his bed that his "body may not be weary," and to rise early that his "body and mind may be invigorated"—a precept that is in entire agreement with the experience of the race. In another revelation "the inhabitants of Zion" are informed that the Lord "is not well pleased" with them, "for there are idlers among them," in consequence of which "their children are growing up in wickedness." Idleness is a sin, requiring, like other sins, the discipline of the Church. "The idler shall be had in remembrance before the Lord." Work is enjoined as a duty. "The inhabitants of Zion shall remember their labors in all faithfulness." In spiritual matters at least, initiative and activity are commanded. "Verily I say, men should be anxiously engaged in a good cause, and do many things of their own free will, and bring to pass much righteousness; for the power is in them, wherein they are agents unto themselves. And inasmuch as men do good they shall in no wise lose their reward. But he that doeth not anything until he is commanded, and receiveth a commandment with a doubtful heart, and keepeth it with slothfulness, the same is damned."

The class from which "Mormonism" has drawn its recruits is the great middle class, the working class, the class that has to *make* its living, instead of having it given through inheritance or charity. As in the days of early Christianity, not many rich, "not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble" have obeyed the modern call to repentance. Nor, on the other hand, has the New Revelation appealed to the lower stratum of society—the idle, the

shiftless, the class to whom the world is said to owe a living. If any of these have by the merest chance drifted into the Church, they have quickly drifted out again, and *not* by chance. "Mormonism" is a religion for the worker, not for the shirker. It is distinctly not a fair-weather church.

If anything were needed to confirm this fact, it will be found in the hard conditions under which the "Mormons" have generally found themselves. Almost from the beginning they have been pioneers in a new country. Missouri and Illinois were on the frontiers. In western Iowa they were in a wilderness without roads. And in what has come to be called Utah they made their home in the very bosom of the Great American Desert, a thousand miles from the edge of civilization. This has meant, of course, that they have been compelled by the sternest necessity literally to work out their temporal salvation or starve to death. They could not therefore have chosen, individually or as a people, to follow the ways of idleness without endangering their very existence.

In the time of Brigham Young hard work of both hand and brain was the policy consciously adopted by that great pioneer leader. He set the example himself by working with his hands, even after the necessity for it had disappeared. He built his own houses, he assisted in setting type for the first paper money issued by the State of Deseret, he took a contract to build ninety miles of the first railroad into the Territory. Over and over again he used to affirm that he had accepted nothing from the Church for his services, but had earned everything he owned. And he saw to it that every one else in the community worked for what he got. Once, during a session of the legislature, he learned that a large number of men seemed to have nothing else to do than to watch the law-makers. He sent his secretary to take their names. In a day or two these men found themselves preparing for missions to colonize new valleys—five with their families to this place, ten to that place, and twenty to some other, each one according to his capability. Instead of doling out charity to the needy, but able-bodied, men in the community, and running the risk of lowering permanently their self-respect and of bringing on continued pauperism in them, he wisely provided them with work. In this way was built the old wall around parts of Salt Lake City, although there was no great necessity for it. President Young believed strongly in the education of the hand as well as of the head and the heart. And this idea, one which has since been generally adopted in education practice, he embodied in the charters of the Church schools he established.

Nor have recent years brought any modification of this "Mormon" ideal. The leaders of the Church since Brigham Young's time, while without the means of enforcing their ideas possessed by that powerful man, have nevertheless laid the same stress that he did on

the absolute necessity for work. Work in the shop, the factory, and the office, in the home, the Church, and the state—this, it is safe to say, will always be one of the basic teachings of the "Mormon" people, for it is grounded in their religion and philosophy of life. Thus we have this element in the atmosphere in which the "Mormon" youth grow to maturity and which they breathe all their lives.

So bitter has been the experience of the Latter-day Saints from lawlessness in one form or another that they have come to believe passionately in government and the orderly processes of law. Not only their experience, but their religion, has taught them this, and they have endeavored to carry out the precept in practice.

No nation, no community, can long exist without a decent respect for law. That is an axiom of history. Sometimes, as in an absolute monarchy, this respect comes from fear; sometimes, as in a simple democracy, it springs from a love for orderly life. But whatever its source, regard for law lies at the basis of all society, whether primitive or advanced.

In a democracy it is absolutely necessary not only that the people obey the law, but that they obey it through love of right, not through fear of punishment. The reason is plain. Democracy rests, not on government from without, but on government from within. Its very foundation is self-restraint in its individual citizens. Where this is lacking, the spirit of democracy is absent; and where the spirit of democracy is wanting, there will presently grow up external power, then revolution, and after that democracy will have to begin all over again.

There are very grave signs today that democracy in America is failing. It is perceptible in a growing tendency on the part of many people, particularly the rich and the socially influential, to disregard such laws, both national and local, as are not to their taste. A notable instance of this is the general attitude of these persons toward the prohibition law. Infractions of this enactment are so numerous and flagrant as to be a national scandal. This may be only a temporary slipping of the American mind. It may be one of the results of the late war. And then again it may prove to be a symptom of a national disease. At any rate, unless the spirit of lawlessness is soon checked, it will spread, as it already shows signs of spreading, to a disregard for other laws, till no law will be sacred any more. And then—the abysmal depths! This is why the thinking class in America are becoming alarmed for the safety of democratic institutions, and are sounding the trumpet of battle against these anarchistic forces.

Against this sort of thing the Saints have always set their faces. "Governments," says the Prophet Joseph Smith, "were insituted of God for the benefit of man, and he holds men accountable for their acts in relation to them, for the good and safety of society. No govern-

ment can exist in peace, except such laws are framed and held inviolate as will secure to each individual the free exercise of conscience, the right and control of property, and the protection of life." Such men "as will administer the law in equity and justice should be sought for and upheld by the voice of the people. All men are bound to sustain and uphold their governments, while protected in their inherent and inalienable rights by the laws. Sedition and rebellion are unbecoming every citizen thus protected. Every man should be honored in his station" in the government.

The "Mormon" people are committed to a democracy by the very terms of their religion. Only this form of government can carry out perfectly their ideals of "the free agency of man." Free agency is absolutely fundamental to "Mormonism." The spirits in heaven were free. They had their individual "rights," and were protected in these rights. As a matter of fact, the contest between Lucifer and Jesus in the ante-mortal state turned upon the question, whether men should be free in their earth-life. Satan's plan was to take away man's agency; Christ's, to leave him in possession of it. And our Savior's plan prevailed. Without free agency there can be no real growth in the individual. Or, to put it less dogmatically, there is always more development if the spirit is left free to choose between two alternatives than if it is fettered in any way from without. And this applies to civil government as well as to life generally.

In the "Mormon" belief the American nation was founded under divine guidance, for the express purpose of establishing freedom in human government and the rule of the people. This declaration is made in the *Book of Mormon* and in the *Doctrine and Covenants.* Columbus and the Puritan fathers were led thither by the Spirit of God. "It is not right that one man should be in bondage to another." And to this end God "established the Constitution" of the United States, by "the hands of wise men," whom he "raised up" for the purpose, and "redeemed the land by the shedding of blood." The "God of the land" is Jesus Christ, and the nation is warned to "serve him" in humility and truth on pain of losing its independence.

Democracy as represented by the American nation is therefore part and parcel of the religion and the life of the Latter-day Saints. No people are so unalterably committed to this form of government as they are. They are therefore patriotic in a very deep sense, because, if they keep the commandments of God, they "have no need to break the laws of the land." Where incidents in their history seem to be in contradiction of this statement, they are so in appearance only and not in reality. It is safe to say that there is no more loyal community in America than the Latter-day Saints.

(To be continued)

"HE THAT WOULD BE GREATEST"

By Mary H. Woolsey

I

Where the blue waters of the fair river Ylom curl gently about the foothills of the green Kolethian mountains, coursing through grassy pastures, cool woodlands and fertile brown farms, there lies the tiny kingdom of Tivrania, in position and politics quite apart from the surrounding nations. On three sides rise the mountains, and since it is neither great enough nor wealthy enough to attract many visitors to itself, and since there are easier routes around it than through it, strangers seldom appear there. Wisely kept out of entangling alliances with other kingdoms or provinces, Tivrania kept on its accustomed ways when its neighbors were torn by war, and knew only vaguely of the desolation and terrors that lay beyond its beloved Kolethians.

Yet there came one day, into this haven of peace and modest prosperity, one called Arad; fleeing, if he had wished to tell it, from scenes where he was becoming too well known as an enemy of order and justice. Hustled from place to place, Arad came at last into Tivrania and was amazed at the undisturbed prosperity that he found. Cattle and sheep grazing in the meadows; peasant girls singing in their little gardens, and men behind their plows and oxen in the fields; for the spring had come to Tivrania, and these simple folk were glad to be out and at their toil.

Outside the royal estate, called Varna, Arad paused to admire the well-built stone walls, the gray palace, and the smaller houses round about; the broad driveway with its border of evergreen trees. And with his admiration came envy, and a coveting of all he saw.

At dusk he reached Urtutz, largest and most important of the Tivranian villages, and was directed to the little brown old inn at its center, and when he had rested awhile and had supped generously, he felt very gay and good-natured, although his mind was already busy with scheming.

Soon the men gathered at the inn, as was their custom, to while away the hours with song and story, and to drink now and then of the mild rich wine from the Tivranian vineyards. Over it Arad smacked thick lips, and proceeded to ingratiate himself with the villagers by telling them stories the like of which they had never heard before. Tales of the seas, of the tropics, of deserts, of polar ice fields; of perils in the jungle, of adventures in unknown mountain fastnesses. The peasants listened with mouths agape.

"Man, he tells a better tale than Shumla himself!" exclaimed Zoiran, the cobbler, and a general murmur of agreement arose. Arad's laugh, softly boastful, was interrupted by a voice at the doorway:

"Who is this that tells so fine a tale?"

The merrymakers turned quickly with shouts of welcome. "Shumla! 'Tis Shumla! Welcome, comrade!" And "'Tis high time you should appear, you jolly vagabond!" And they made place for him with many expressions of good fellowship.

Arad, for the moment entirely ignored, watched this good-looking newcomer through narrowed eyelids, and listened while the men plied him with eager questions: where had he been since last he left Urtutz? Whom had he seen? What learned? To all of which Shumla answered not at all, but laughed and said they should perhaps hear some other time. Then, banteringly, "But you have been listening to better tales than mine, anyway. Who is this that tells them?"

All eyes turned toward Arad, who lowered his eyes and shrugged disparagingly. "Merely one who wanders into strange places and far corners of the earth and has a way of getting into many sorts of scrapes and out again," he said with fine carelessness.

Shumla looked at him for a moment, more closely, perhaps, than anyone realized; then suddenly glancing around, he asked: "Where is Lago? Why is he not here?"

"Oh, Lago!" chuckled Datmir the inn-keeper. "Lago, probably, is at the house of Misivri, no doubt becoming expert at holding soft skeins for Misivri's daughter."

"Ah, yes—the fair Amadra," Shumla joined in the low laughter. "Well—when Lago comes home he will find something beside his fire," and in spite of protests, Shumla took his leave.

When he had quite disappeared, Arad asked a few cautious questions regarding him, which no one seemed able to answer intelligently. Shumla was Shumla,—no more; he spent all his time wandering, they thought; came to Urtutz occasionally, helping the peasants willingly and well, asking nothing in return save food and companionship; shared bed and fire of Lago—who, it seemed, was his warm friend; and presently would be gone again, none knew exactly where. The stories he told? Legends, mostly; sometimes he spoke of Poland, or Rumania, or Bulgaria, or Austria. But he had not seen such far, wonderful places as had Arad—and there they began begging for more stories, and yet more; until the young moon hung low above the mountains, and they strolled homeward with words of the morrow's tasks awaiting.

Lago, leaving the house of Misivri, the merchant, walked slowly through the soft misty moonlight, his thoughts dwelling tenderly on the rare sweetness of Amadra; and what a lucky dog he should be, if—had he seen, or merely imagined, a softer, lovelier expression beneath the mischief in her dark eyes? How the thought of her thrilled him, quickened his blood, made him drunk with the wonder of living! Thus his thoughts ran on, until he became aware of bright firelight flickering through his house windows, and hurried faster to investigate.

Shumla lay drowsing on a fur rug before the fire; he turned sleepy eyes as Lago entered, then sprang up to greet him.

"Shumla! Ah—but I am glad to see you, old friend!" exclaimed Lago.

"And I to be here with you, Lago. You've kept me waiting, too. Was the skein then so long?" He was amused at Lago's discomfiture. "A fine lover you are—to blush so easily! But mind, Lago, I'd willingly be in your shoes myself—being not unaware of the maiden's charms."

Early the following morning, before the sun had yet scattered the low-hanging mists, they walked side by side to the meadows where Lago's sheep—the finest flock in Tivrania, it was said—had been guarded during the night by the great shaggy dogs.

As they walked along, Shumla spoke of Arad. "I like not his eyes, Lago. They are not eyes I should trust, I think."

"Why is he here, Shumla?"

"He would not say—except that he is an habitual wanderer and adventurer, constantly seeking the far corners of the earth."

"Well, then, that has he found—a far corner; quite the coziest corner of all, to my notion," laughed Lago.

"Still I doubt if Arad is our friend.—The flock grows and grows, Lago."

They had passed over a little knoll and the sheep were in full view; Lago smiled in pardonable pride.

"Seven score new lambs there are, Shumla, and all as pretty as one could wish."

The dogs came bounding to meet them, and they stroked the shaggy heads and then threw down the packages they had brought, laughing to see the dogs tear away the wrappings to get at the meaty bones within.

"Lago, Lago! Do you know how lucky you are?" exclaimed Shumla, drawing a deep breath of the dewy air. Lago did not answer, for he knew that no answer was expected. They stood there gazing over the peaceful country-side: field after fertile field, some showing pale green with the early grain; others brown, as yet unsown; to these two, who had looked upon the scene a thousand times, it was a never-ending delight.

"Can you not stay here, Shumla? There will always be a place for you," urged Lago; but even as he spoke, he knew what the answer would be, for he had heard it many times before: a sigh, and the words, "No—soon I must be away to look after my business." Lago said no more, for experience had taught him that further speech on the subject was unnecessary and unavailing.

All that day they spent in the meadow, now among the sheep, now lolling on the soft grass, now sitting on the green banks while the blue Ylom slipped softly past. When the sun set, they gathered the sheep together in a sheltered place, set the dogs around, and went back to Lago's house at the edge of the village.

That evening, dressed in their best, the young people gathered at the inn to dance, to the music of Olgetz, the fiddler—strange, weird music, and dancing wild but full of a lithe grace and interesting flashes of color: the men in white blouses and trousers and richly ornamented waistcoats of bright hue, with here and there a glint of gold or silver thread; the maids in long white smocks, vivid jackets and embroidered aprons.

Arad at first stood apart, envious of the welcome accorded to Shumla, who joined the dancers from the first; but presently growing bolder, Arad begged a dance of Amadra—thereby gaining, besides the dance, the suspicious dislike of Lago as well.

"He is no mean dancer," declared Amadra, and Arad was immediately adjudged eligible to dance with any girls he wished, while their lovers looked on jealously. But he so busied himself with ways to win their good will that little by little their suspicions were melting away; and Arad knew, cunningly, that soon he would be liked by many as well as Shumla was—although Shumla and Lago assumed no friendliness toward him.

The next day was the Sabbath, and the villagers gathered at the little mossy stone church to pray and listen to the teachings of the venerable blind priest, Father Saghra. And the next day, back to their toil for the week—for this was life in Tivrania, filled with simple wholesome duties and joys, enriched and mellowed by good fellowship and contentment.

Throughout the next fortnight Shumla remained at or near Urtutz, lending a helping hand wherever he went, speaking words of cheer, and listening to the plans and hopes of the peasants. Without exception, they opened their hearts to him, told him their joys and their sorrows, as they would have told to no other.

Arad, too, remained to make himself popular—but his method was the way of the gold or silver pieces which he scattered generously, and the fascinating tales he told, which made him seem such a hero in the eyes of the unlearned peasants. When a month had passed, he announced that he had no intention of leaving so delightful a place as Urtutz.

Then, one day, word came that the young King Maros would visit Urtutz. How the village was thrown into a state of joyous excitement! Arad's lips curled scornfully as he watched the hustle of preparation—the cleaning, the setting to rights, the evident pride of the people in their monarch. He stood among them as they waited to do homage to their king, in an attitude of contempt which no one noticed, so absorbed were they all in the approach of the royal procession.

A handful of soldiers; the king, wistfully handsome, alone; the few nobles of his court—all on horses gayly caparisoned with silken banners and trappings decorated with gold and silver and semi-precious jewels. No wonder Arad laughed in his sleeve at the miniature dis-

play of pomp and splendor! But to the Tivranians it was their king and court, glorified in song and legend as old as Europe itself and consequently a worthy object of admiration and pride.

Not until the visitors had been feted and feasted, and honored to the fullest possible extent, and were on their return journey to Varna, did anyone pay the least attention to Arad. Then, "Is our king not wonderful, Arad?"

"Oh, so-so. I have no interest in kings."

The peasants gasped at that, and formed in a group close around him, demanding explanations. He chose his words carefully, and spoke in the most casual manner, as if entirely disinterested.

"Ah, well! The day of kings and emperors is past. They are selfish; they take the best and finest of all the land can produce, and give nothing in return save a pretty sight for worshiping eyes. So at last the people rebel, and in place of a king, select a premier or president or minister from among themselves—one who can know their needs."

Immediately there arose a storm of protests: King Maros was not selfish, not proud; he came among them at their homes to inquire of their well-being; gave to them trinkets and sometimes gold, and sweetmeats for the children; and at times invited them all to Varna for celebration and festivals. And did he not carefully attend to the welfare of his people?

Arad laughed—a whithering gust of scornful merriment. Gone now was his careless manner; he spoke impatiently: "Ho! 'the welfare of his people!' How does he know your needs?—When he speaks to you, you are so fluttered with delight that if you were starving, you would yet answer, 'All is well!' He, sheltered in his palace, surrounded by his lazy nobles and his idle soldiers—living on the fat of the land!"

"But the soldiers are not idle. They keep the brigands away, if nothing else. No one in Tivrania has been robbed for many years," spoke up Lago, his face livid with resentment.

"But why?" retorted Arad. "Think you it is for you? What have you to tempt robbers? A few sheep? An ox or two? A few yards of homespun linen? A picture painted on a mud wall with the juices of berries? Think of the jewels your nobles wear, and their silks! Of the art treasures within the palace! If robbers carried away your sheep, there would be less mutton for his majesty's table!"

"But he gives us—" began Lago, to be interrupted by Arad's swifter, sharper tongue:

"Yes—he gives you—a few silly baubles to buy your goodwill!"

Poor, loyal, slow-witted Lago! In his heart he knew he was right, and that Arad was wrong; but he was no match for Arad's fiery arguments. He fell into moody silence, hurt by his failure before his friends, and most of all by Amadra's apparent disappointment.

"But, Arad," said Datmir, "think you that we should rise against our king?"

Before Arad could answer, the stern, displeased voice of Father Saghra, whose approach no one had noticed, interrupted: "For shame, my children! Know you not the voice of evil counsel? For shame, Arad! Is this why you came amongst us—to stir up discontent among our happiness?"

They scattered before him like children caught in mischief; but the seed was sown, and Arad was content; while the old blind priest, left quite alone, shook his head disapprovingly as he walked up the street to his little church, his stout stick rattling the loose stones before him.

Yes, the seed was sown—and Arad knew it would grow. For where is the place, the condition, so perfect that you cannot find imperfections if you search for them? A careful phrase, fraught with double meaning; a hint of luxuries possible under other political arrangements; a finger pointing out a new short-coming of their government—these were sunlight, air, water to the weed of discontent. Once started, the dissatisfaction crept from village to village, until all Tivrania was seething with unrest.

Lago, during an evening at Misivri's house, when Father Saghra was present, spoke of the impending insurrection.

"Why should Tivrania rise up against the king?" he cried. "We are not oppressed, not tax-ridden; we have plenty for our simple needs. What more would we wish?"

"Ah, that is not the trouble, Lago," answered the priest. "It is a sad thing to be in actual need; but one suffers hardly less just to think one's self in need. These people have plenty, but think they should have more; and Arad has made them believe that it is the king's fault that they have not."

"Arad tells only the bright portion of the consequences of revolution—not the half of it," spoke up Misivri, who was usually quiet and backward. "I saw the other in Austria—stealing, killing, starving; farms turned into battle-grounds. It is enough to make war when it is forced or justified; but for the sake of fancied grievances—bah! it makes me tired."

"Tell them, Misivri—tell the people what you have seen!" begged Lago.

"What—I?" gasped Misivri. "I—speak to a crowd—when away from my own fireside I become a stuttering fool or a dumb clod?"

"'Twould be useless, too," said Father Saghra. "They would not listen." And the three fell into silence.

Amadra, sitting a little apart, near her mother, heard little that the men said. She was thinking of how Arad had swung her in a glorious dance, adoring her as if she had been a goddess; of how he had told her of satins and jewels that would set off her rare beauty;

of a silken scarf and a topaz necklace which he had begged her to accept as his gift to her; wondering what her father would say if she should openly encourage Arad's attentions. It would be fun, no doubt, to make Lago jealous; he was too slow, too sure—the rogue!

But Lago was not slow to see, not sure where Amadra was concerned. He knew well that Arad was seeking Amadra's favor; he feared lest the slick tongue might win too much. In his unhappiness he grew more and more silent, withdrew to himself; and the girl said to herself hotly, "He does not care!"

Lago wished that Shumla would come; but when he did come, in late summer-time when haying-tasks were at hand, he seemed so ill at ease, so unhappy in the unfamiliar atmosphere of discontent and sullenness, that Lago was miserable for him and felt relieved when Shumla had gone again.

Then came a day when a blooded stallion broke away from the royal stables and charged off and away over the country roads; head high, nostrils wide in the joy of freedom, mane and tail flying, pebbles clattering beneath his thundering hoofs. The peasants, at work in their grain-fields, gasped in amazement and fear, and some pursued in the hope of capturing him before mischief should be done. Faster and faster he came, growing wilder with every effort to increase his speed.

Into the narrow street in Urtutz he galloped; the children scattered in terror before him. And amid the confusion, the screams, the cries of horror, the little son of Olgetz, the fiddler, stumbled and fell directly in the stallion's path; crying out in agony as a heavy hoof struck squarely upon him. The animal sped on as if the child had been merely a stone.

When the old doctor had come and eased the little fellow's pain, but had muttered that he would never walk again, panic and tears changed to uproar and curses. Arad seized the chance: "Why does not the king look after his beasts? See how little he cares for your safety or your lives!"

Unreasonable?—Yes—and he knew it. But it was the torch to already kindled fires of passion,—the passion that takes no time to reason nor consider. Arad took charge; sent messengers to other villages with orders to arm and march against their heartless king. The iron was hot, and Arad knew when to strike.

All night, by the light of huge bonfires, they worked feverishly to make ready their rude weapons: heavy old muskets, swords, clubs. For the first time, Father Saghra's pleadings were entirely ignored, and tears welled up in his sightless eyes as he wandered miserably about. As for Lago, when he ventured to suggest that they should be calm and not act in rash haste, he was jeered wildly—for was it not well known that he was jealous of Arad's friendship with Amadra? So Lago, wretched in the extreme, slipped away to the field and spent the night in loneliness and despair.

(Part II in May Number)

STILL VOICES

By Joseph Hickman

There is something in untarnished nature which awakens the best instincts in man. Possibly it is the unmistakable hand-prints of the great Maker. Possibly it is a holy atmosphere that abides only where man has not defiled the work of God. But whatever it is, I have found no one yet who will deny the inspirational effect of his close contact with Nature. If there is one such, he has had denied him one of the most sublime influences for good to be found in the world; and, as some have to cultivate a taste for the best of music, he should cultivate an understanding of the voice of the Creator in the stillness of the great outdoors.

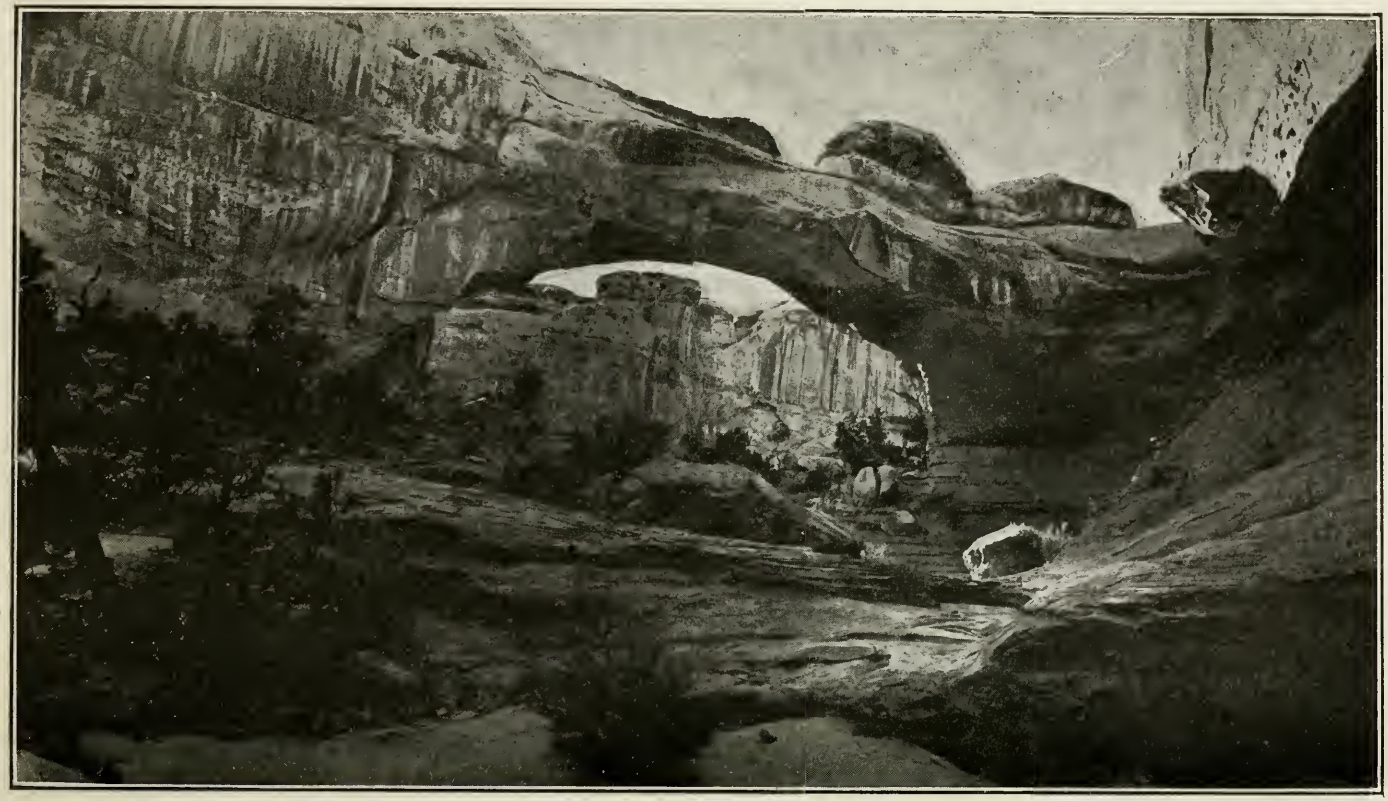
It would seem that there could be little doubt that the world is growing better, as more interest is developed in the beauties and wonders of nature. As Utah is becoming known throughout the world for her abundance of rare natural attractions, it is not far fetched to say that, aside from the financial gain to the state, there is a moral good to be gained by encouraging more attention in this direction.

Sociologists tell us that primitive man was naturally religious. He lived and acted quite free from many of the conventionalities of modern civilization. He lived near to God and God's work, and it is but logical to expect, therefore, that he would have greater respect for God than do men who live within the works of modern civilized industrial conditions,—all of which have been developed by man and far from the handprints of the Creator.

Could this not explain why we always find, near natural wonders, evidences of the prehistoric man of America? For example, near each of our large natural bridges are found ruins of cliff-dwellers and the hieroglyphics of a later group of the primitive red-men. Evidently these masterpieces were looked upon with great reverence by the Indians, as it is easy even yet to find among the descendants of those people many stories of idealistic beauty in which the bridges are predominant features.

The Wonderland of Southern Utah

Wayne's wonderland always affects me strongly. Bryce, with its sudden, stunning bewilderment, seen for the first time at sunrise, is a close second. But the ever-recurring newness in the scenery near Fruita, in Wayne county, Utah, is different. Once you see Bryce at sunrise you have an impression that is lasting—that is worth the trip, no matter how long it has been. But the impression remains the same, and the next time you visit the canyon you wish you had not, for the second impression is not so stunning. The imprint of the first shock remains the stronger.



NATURAL BRIDGE NEAR FRUITA, UTAH

I have been thoughtless," she told the Chief, "but tonight the bridge spoke to me, and I understood." See page 523.

The vastness of Wayne is that of the Grand Canyon; the variety of coloration, that of Zion, but the voice of stillness is a feature all its own, and is never the same today that it was yesterday. It is this—the ever mystifying feeling which this voice throws over one —that brings him near to God. The effect on one can be but to make him think of his own weakness, yet of the possibilities that his Maker has given him. In short it is inspirational.

Yonder towering above the roaring river is a castle of the age when men were brave and women were pure. No one can sit here in the stillness but what the distant roar of the river will whisper again the ideals of chivalry. Not only will he hear but he will feel and with the feeling will come the desire to act. In what house of worship can the lessons of courteous, manly bravery, and of womanly purity, be so well taught?

Here is a bridge. A problem for the geologist, but an inspiration to everyone. How it will inspire you, I can not tell; but that it will inspire is certain. From the times unknown when the cliff-dwellers, possibly seeking the protection of the Great Spirit as they fled from their enemies, built here a burying ground, with all awe and sacredness, down to the present time, this work of nature has given inspiration. And upon every repeated visit it holds for one a new impetus to do good. The first impression is not so strong, but each repeated visit seems to add to the impression first obtained.

This seems to be a quality of all of our bridges. I sat beneath the huge Caroline, in San Juan county, in company with a man of national importance and acquaintance. He looked up at its huge span and said, "This is a *great* thing to come a hundred miles on horseback to see!" The inflection he gave to the word *"great"* gave me this meaning. We visited the Agusta, strikingly like the Fruita bridge. We slept two nights beneath the Caroline. When we arose the third day he stretched himself, drew in a long breath of the early morning air, looked up at the magnificent span and said, "It *is* grand, it does have an effect upon me that I can't quite explain,—it grows."

I recently talked to an old Navajo who had made many trading trips into Wayne years ago. With the help of an interpreter we drew from him a story that is typical of many of the Indian stories which it has been suggested are associated with the natural bridges in Utah. The story shows also how the unusual in nature excited the emotions of the primitive man. In just such a sense, although perhaps more cultivated, they no doubt affect us.

The Indian Story

Here is his story: Some time, maybe no time, but that does not matter, the Indians camped on the river. It was a hunting party, all classes made up the group. The usual pilgrimage was made to the bridge, two miles from the camp. The sacred meal was scattered

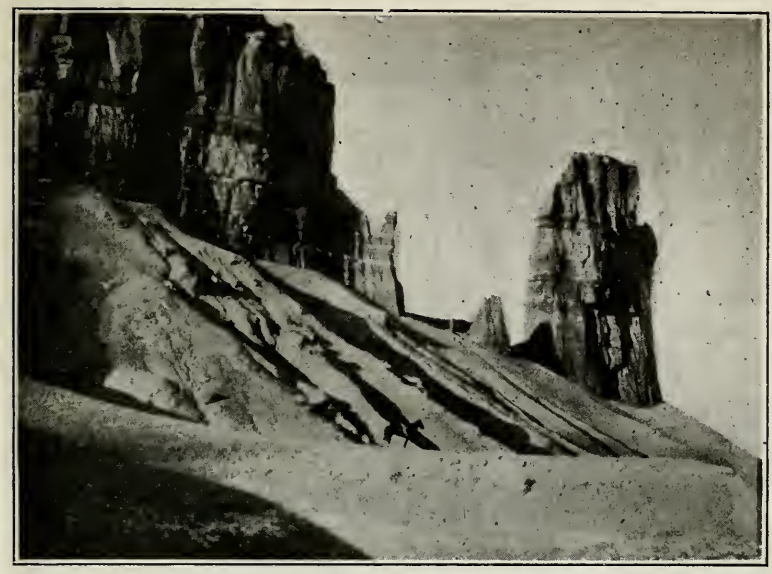


Photo by the Author.
"Yonder towering castle of the age when men were brave and women pure." Note the horseman riding toward the tower. Scene in Wayne County, Utah.

to the moon, and prayers were chanted for the success of the hunt. Then the party moved down the hillside toward the camp.

But behind lingered the necessary two to make up the story. The Indian girl, known about the camp as the *Thoughtless One,* because of the lightness with which she heeded the words of the medicine men. Beckoning, she attracted the attention of the young chief, who had won the name of the *Honored One,* because of the many titles the medicine men had given him in return for the successful way in which he had conducted the affairs of the tribe since his election to the office of chief.

"I have been thoughtless," she told the chief, "but tonight the bridge spoke to me and I understood."

He looked at her and wondered, for he had known of the careless manner in which she had treated many of the tribal customs. Even then he doubted her. But he looked into her eyes, and afar the monotonous tumble, rumble, tumble, of the river spoke to him. He listened. The river said:

"She is no longer the *Thoughtless One,* she is the *Heart of Love.* She can help you."

"I have been thoughtless," she repeated, "but the bridge spoke to me tonight of you, and I am no longer thoughtless. I must help you. You are great and mighty in the eyes of the medicine men, but the Great Spirit is not pleased with you. You give the praise

for your deeds to the medicine men. You should praise the Great Spirit."

Because the river had told him to do so, the young chief, believed her. But he was wrong, for it was the evil spirits talking to him. The evil spirits, be it understood, according to the Navajo belief are the ones to be feared. They are more powerful than the good, and it is to them that the prayers are offered, petitioning them to cease doing evil to the Indian. The good spirits take care of themselves, and since they are good, need not be prayed to, for they will do what is good in any case.

So he trusted the maiden. He listened to her. He believed in her, because the river and the bridge had told him to do so. They spoke to him in the language he could understand. He was im-

Photo by A. E. Demary, Washington, D. C.

The fantastically eroded Bryce Canyon a sight of which at sunrise has no parallel in Nature.

pressed, we would say, with the sacredness of the situation and believed because of the emotions that he felt at that time.

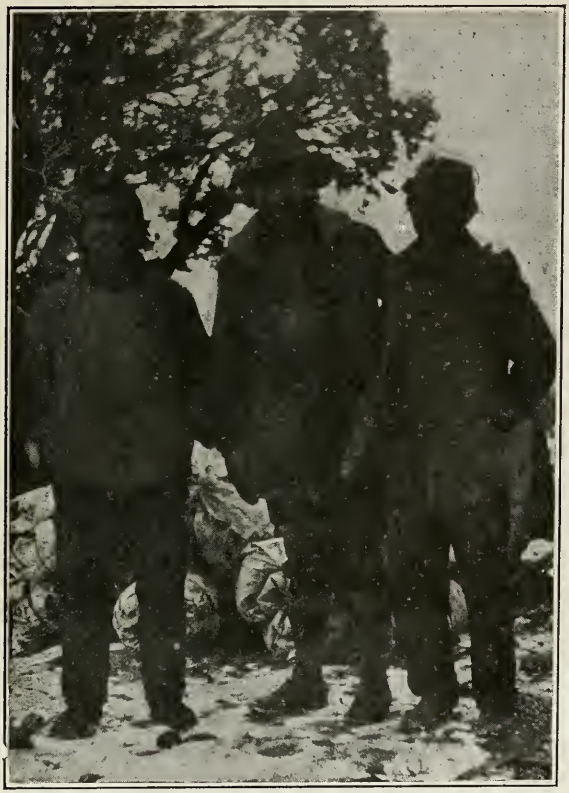
So the young chief gave praise to the Good Spirit, and in that way raised the ire of the evil. He listened to the maiden, and when he at last turned his footsteps toward the camp it was very late. Arriving there he found the medicine men in council. He was called in and inquiry made as to his absence from camp upon so important an occasion.

He replied haughtily: "The bridge has told me, and the river has told me, that I should not praise you so much. The Great Spirit does good."

The medicine men laughed. "He is bewitched by the *Thoughtless One,*" they said.

This made the young chief angry. "She is not the 'Thoughtless One'," he retorted, "she is my guiding spirit."

The medicine men made disrespectful remarks with reference to her. A fight followed, the young chief in his anger striking and injurying the old, feeble men. Soon the whole camp was alive and



Two Navajos, and Buck Lowery, trader at the Gap Trading Post, Arizona. Old Gray Hat Charley, supposed to be sixty years of age, is responsible for the story of the Fruita Bridge.

before the trouble had ended, the "Honored One" was no longer such. He was shorn of all his titles and thrust without the camp.

Then he remembered the maiden and the bridge where he left her. Panting and hot he soon stood in the awful presence of this wonder. The girl was not to be seen. "O Bridge," he prayed, "help me." He listened. No answer came. Then from afar came the rumble, tumble, rumble, of the river. It spoke. It laughed. "*You* are the 'Thoughtless One'," it said. He could hardly believe its

words. Then a voice spoke above him. It was that of the Indian maiden. She was on the bridge.

"Come on up," she called. "I will not desert you."

He climbed the bridge and sat by her side and she told him how she had played the trick on him in order to have him all for her own. He forgave her and listened, in his sorrow; but told her he would follow her, for he knew now that the spirits loved her for they had answered her prayer.

Then she laughed, looked at him, ran lightly up the bridge, daring him to follow. Blindly he rushed on, slipped, rolled to the bottom of the ledge, and lay helpless. She sat disdainfully above him and watched him suffer.

"Only you can help me," he cried to her. "Won't you please come? Only help me to my feet, then I can get on alone."

She turned her head in the other direction, said not a word, but left him and walked on to her own tribe.

* * *

To us, of course, aside from the lesson conveyed, this story has significance only to illustrate the point that the huge natural bridge in its awe-inspiring surroundings did affect the primitive Indian so that he placed it in his traditions as a central figure of worship and fear. To us, in our civilized state, it may be studied in the coldness of the science of geology, yet the manner in which it will appeal to the most of us will be not unlike the manner in which it was accepted by the Navajoes. We will feel our own weakness, and the suggestion of the greatness of an all Powerful Being, will place us under the influence of a feeling of reverence impossible to be had except near such great finger prints of the Creator. After having visited such places one is sure to carry with him a feeling of having been nearer to his Maker than it is possible to get elsewhere. In short, the visitor will be more religious than before he made the visit.

Three Phases in a Life

Once I sang a maiden's praises,
In unnumbered pretty phrases:
Decked her hair with bright fresh daisies.

Once I watched a woman sewing,
Eager hands that seemed so knowing—
Radiant face with love a-glowing.

Once in life I bow to thee,
In reverence and simplicity,
Thou holy name—Maternity.

Belleisle, N. B. ALAN C. REIDPATH.

PICTURE SHOWS

An Asset or a Liability—for Me and Mine?

By W. H. Boyle, Assistant Professor of Education, and Principal Secondary Training School

It is estimated that one person out of five in the United States attends some form of commercialized recreation every day. It is estimated, also, that at least 20,000,000 people attend the movies daily, and that the bulk of this audience is made up of people from fifteen to twenty-five years of age.

If every picture show taught by its story a worthy lesson of life, we would need have no fear of the mental reactions of the people who throng those places, but if they do not, then a choice must be made. We must select if we expect the right mental reactions.

How particular is the mother who demands of the grocer that what she buys shall be fresh and sweet and healthful? She knows to have healthy bodies good healthful food is imperative. She passes upon the quality of all food before buying, and if perchance it is sent and not good it is returned and good demanded in its place.

What is true of carrots and cheese, sauerkraut and sausage, is just as true of mental and spiritual food. Healthy bodies? Yes! What about healthy minds, healthy mental reaction? Is healthy mental reaction as important as healthy chemical reaction?

We prate about good company, fuss about the Sunday's funny paper, worry about the kinds of books we read; but how many parents are woefully passive and wickedly indifferent as to the class of picture shows that they and their families attend? Sould we not be as particular about the class of stories we pay to *see* as we are of the sausage we pay to *eat?*

Should the major part of this responsibility be shifted to the shoulders of the man who produces picture shows, or on the man who exhibits them; or should the responsibility be placed in the home? If the home is the chief agency for proper socialization of the young then is it not at least an important agency for the production of crime? The home is the factory, the school, the church. It is the basic institution of all our lives, civil, political and religious. "When the people want better pictures, they will get them," says one producer. "Good pictures are not money-makers," says another.

Can it be truly said among our people that vice and not virtue pays on the screen? If this is answered in the affirmative, what an indictment of our homes! It is our problem, not the problem of the enormous picture show interests. Is it possible that a beautiful, legitimate, romantic love story, with all its social by-products, is unattractive; and that we enjoy seeing in the most realistic way, vice and

lasciviousness glorified? Can it be that the sex appeal with lust emphasized is the only thing that will bring the cash? Is it true that the picture show producers and exhibitors are giving the people what they want? If this is true, how many of these 20,000,000 people are moral perverts?

Recently in our own home town one of the owners of the picture show houses exhibited "Abraham Lincoln." In order to advertise that show so that he would not lose, he gave a free entertainment to teachers, preachers, influential men, and many parents. This seems to be unnecessary for much of the suggestive "slush" put before the average picture show goer. What would happen to the producers and the going public if all pictures were censored by such representative citizens?

Who is to blame, the man who makes the picture, or the man who pays to see it? Can it be that we prefer the vicious and the lewd story to the clean and wholesome one? Do we prefer the "hog wash" of many of the vaudevilles to the uplifting higher type story or clever, subtle jokes that could be had?

The writer asked an exhibitor why he put on a certain picture, and challenged him by saying that if there was one redeeming feature in the picture he would acknowledge defeat. The exhibitor smiled and said, "It brings the cash."

What is your diagnosis, reader of this excellent little magazine? Is it lack of interest in leisure hours, and that we for the sake of convenience rely on commercialized recreation whose sole objective is money, instead of socialized recreation whose sole objective is entertainment plus moral uplifting? Is it easier to pay the other fellow than to get it up ourselves—and yet we pay and pay dearly.

Picture shows—an Asset or a Liability—for me and mine?

Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.

My Ambition

I strive to be like worth-while folk around me
  Who gather rosebuds from each wayside thorn,
And count not beauty by the height of power,
  But by the heart of every mortal born.

I strive to be unlike the folk around me,
  Whose polished ways may hide a wicked heart,
That beats for gain in tune with evil passions,
  And care not that their tongues conceal a dart.

I strive to be like worth-while folk around me,
  Whose hearts are brightened by the smiles of men,
Whom help has gotten from their high desire
  To lend a helping hand, and call them Friend.

A. HENDERSON.

WHO WERE THE BUILDERS OF THE LOST CITY OF NEVADA?

By George C. Sutherland

Discovery in the Moapa Valley of southern Nevada of the ruins of an ancient city which is believed to have flourished about the beginning of the Christian era is attracting the attention of archæologists and ethnologists in all parts of America. For evidences unearthed to date indicate that the inhabitants of that city possessed a degree of culture and refinement which had lifted them far above a state of savagery. Sections of old canals in the valley of the Rio Virgen, a few miles east of the ruins, show that the prehistoric inhabitants of that locality were acquainted with the science of irrigation. Five miles west of the old city are numerous hieroglyphs carved on imposing columns of red sandstone. Those are believed to form part of the recorded history of the ancient residents of the valley. Let us take a brief survey of the old town and the discoveries made there to date, and then try to determine who its inhabitants were and whether their culture was near its crude beginning, as the archæologists declare, or close to the end of a long period of decline, as the writer believes is possible.

It is the opinion of such eminent authorities as M. Raymond Harrington, investigating archæologist in charge of the excavating, and F. W. Hodge, prominent ethnologist, both of The Museum of The American Indian, Heye foundation, New York, that this recently discovered city was at the zenith of its glory about 1,500 or 2,000 years ago. This belief is based upon a comparison of the evidences of culture found here with that culture known to have existed among other ancients of the southwest at a date which is thought to have been established quite definitely. After careful consideration of everything brought to light so far, the archæologists have decided that this prehistoric city was one of the places where the culture of the Pueblo Indians originated.

The ruins, which have been named "Pueblo Grande de Nevada," by archæologists excavating in their midst, start at a point two miles north of St. Thomas and extend up the east side of the valley of the Muddy river for about six miles. Other ruins have been found north of this point, but these do not seem to have belonged to the main pueblo as there is a vast difference in the evidences of culture unearthed in the two places. The northern limit of the large town seems to have been about two miles east of Overton. The ruins uncovered at present lie principally on top of a low range of clay hills between the Muddy river and the foot of "Mormon" mesa.

Five or six houses and a kiva—a circular ceremonial chamber—

have been unearthed to date. The houses are shaped like horseshoes, some of them containing ten or more rooms. The majority of these rooms are about 8x10 feet in size and rectangular in shape, exception to this rule being found in the end rooms which are oval or circular.

Three types of houses have been found in this city. The single room, pit type; the communal house with rooms of the pit type, and the houses with rooms built from the surface of the earth up and no pit dug at all. In fact, some of the houses contain each of the types of rooms. Archæologists say the single-room, pit type house is one of the most primitive constructed dwellings of mankind. As the houses found at the old ruins north of the main city are of the latter type entirely, scientists believe they were occupied prior to the building of the large pueblo and at a time when enlightenment was just beginning to lift the minds of the ancient Nevadans to a higher plane of life and living.

The houses in the Pueblo Grande de Nevada were built of adobe bricks shaped like loaves of bread. These bricks were set in adobe mortar and the entire structure plastered with the same material. The floors were made of adobe and many of them remain in excelent condition still. While most of the walls of the old buildings have crumbled into decay, sections eighteen inches or two feet high have been found in some instances, giving the investigators a good idea of the appearance of the whole. The finding of several floors beneath some of the rooms has led to the conclusion that parts of the city were built up four or five different times at periods quite remote from each other.

In each of the rooms small bowl-shaped fireplaces have been found. Some of these are in the centers of the rooms and others in the corners. It is not the opinion of archæologists, however, that these fireplaces were used for cooking purposes, as much larger ones have been discovered in the court of each of the houses. The weather here is very mild in the winter and the small fireplaces are thought to have been used only to take the chill out of the rooms on unusually cold nights. Charcoal and ashes have been found in each of the fireplaces, and in several, half-burned corn cobs have been discovered. The presence of these is believed to furnish conclusive evidence of the cultivation of the soil and the production of this grain by the residents of the prehistoric town.

Close to each group of houses a large flat rock with deep circular holes in it has been found. This was the mill at which the grain was ground. The grinding was accomplished by placing the grain in the holes and crushing it with rock plungers known as metates. Several of the latter have been found in the houses and graves of the former residents of this city, for not only the kiva and houses have been unearthed, but numerous graves have been uncovered. Skeletons have been found in all of the graves.

Some of the burials have been found outside, a short distance

from the houses, but the majority of them have been discovered beneath the floors of the rooms. The condition of the skeletons is excellent, some of them being almost in a perfect state of preservation. The extreme aridity of the climate is said to account for that condition. While one skeleton measuring about five feet eight inches in height has been uncovered, the rest of those found have been only about five feet in stature. Their bones are not large and in many instances they appear to have had almost perfectly even features. Their foreheads were high and well developed. The facial bones of many suggest faces that were slender and of some refinement. The teeth of some are small and even, indicating that they were not great meat eaters. This is considered another argument in support of the theory that they were primarily an agricultural people.

The inhabitants of this ancient city believed in a conscious existence after death, in which existence they should live much the same as in the flesh and should require the same things needed here. This is indicated by the fact that all of the deceased's personal belongings were interred with him. Squash seeds, beans and other seeds found in the graves of some point to the expectation that those seeds would be needed in the spirit world, while the ancient dice of a gambler found in one grave would lead one to think that the departed was expected to ply his profession there as here.

Beautiful pieces of pottery have been found buried with each of the skeletons. Many of these dishes were not even cracked and were removed intact. These consist of bowls, water jugs and bottles. The majority of these are decorated with artistic black and white patterns of attractive design, although some have patterns of black on a rich red background. Three layers of clay were used in the construction of the latter, the inner layer of white and the two outer layers of red clay. The surface of the pottery is as smooth as any on the market today.

Beads and pendants of shell and turquoise have been found in some of the graves, and in others small black beads of unknown material. Mr. Harrington says he recalls no beads so small having been discovered in any of the ruins of ancient America with the exception of some small gold beads found in Ecuador. In one grave, that of a woman, the skeletons of two babies, evidently twins, were found. In other graves skeletons of dogs have been unearthed lying by the side of the person who was probably master or mistress of the animal in life. Bones of deer, mountain sheep and rabbits found in some of the graves indicate that while these ancient Nevadans may have been farmers they were not strictly vegetarians. Arrow heads and knives of flint taken from the graves show how those animals were killed and prepared for use.

Shreds of blankets apparently of fine texture have been found in some of the graves, showing that the art of weaving was not unknown to these early residents of the Moapa Valley. Remnants of

woven sandals have been discovered also. Both of these were in a bad state of decomposition and were covered immediately with paraffin wax to preserve them as much as possible.

The majority of the skeletons unearthed so far have been buried again, this time at the foot of those hills on which they once resided. Several have been sent to the museum in New York, and still others have been left in their graves for the benefit of tourists, many of whom call at the lost city each day en route east or west.

Indians living in the Moapa Valley today exhibit great interest in the work of excavating. Although some of these have traditions, handed down to them by their parents and grand-parents, of things which occurred two or three centuries ago, not even the eldest of them had heard of the presence of the city now being brought to light until the work of excavating began. This is believed to furnish corroborative evidence of the great antiquity of the ruins.

Numerous conjectures as to why the city was deserted have been advanced but the ones most commonly accepted are these: The people were primarily an agricultural race who had to depend upon water from the Muddy river with which to irrigate their crops. As the river shrunk in size each year, and as the population of the old town probably numbered several thousand souls, it became more and more difficult to raise the grain necessary to provide them with food. So they probably left this valley for more fertile fields, possibly in the valley of the Rio Virgen. The other theory is that the inhabitants were conquered by a stronger though less advanced people, exterminated or taken into captivity. The former is the theory which finds greatest favor with those now excavating among the ruins.

From an archæological standpoint, the discovery of these ruins is considered of great importance. Up to the time they were found practically nothing was known regarding the prehistoric inhabitants of Nevada and the knowledge concerning the origin of Pueblo culture was not considered extensive. Articles brought to light in this city, however, have added much to that knowledge and it is expected that much more will be learned as the exacavating progresses. The work is to continue for another six months, at least, for it was so voted by the board of trustees of The Museum of The American Indian at a meeting held in New York February 3. What will be done after that depends, to a great extent, upon what the intervening time brings forth.

Now, who were the builders of this ancient city? Was this one of the places where the Pueblo culture originated? Are the indications of the civilization which existed here conclusive proof that that civilization was near its crude beginning, or might the same evidence be used in support of the argument that these people gradually were sinking from a higher plane of civilization to the depths of degraded savagery as they wandered farther and farther from the centers of culture to the south and east and from the gospel of Jesus Christ?

The statement of scientists that here is one of the places where the culture of the ancient Pueblos began; that the people who occupied these adobe dwellings were just starting to grope from the abysmal darkness of the past towards indistinct rays of light ahead, is based on the fact that as one travels farther south one finds places in which the civilization was much farther advanced than it was here. Here only one-family dwellings are found; in Arizona and New Mexico are the ruins of great apartment houses. Here everything is in the rough, while there is found evidence of the polish and refinement of a most enlightened age. This, it is argued, is evidence that the culture and civilization originated in those places where the indications are most crude, and that those places are probably of a more remote antiquity than those where enlightenment was far advanced.

But is that argument invulnerable? We know that the farther south one goes the more abundant are the evidences of a great civilization until in Central and South America are found ruins of cities, which, as one writer on American antiquities expressed it, "would have rivaled Nineveh, Tyre and Sidon in their day." But does this prove that the civilization of those early inhabitants of Arizona and New Mexico, and perhaps of Central and South America, originated in the north and became more advanced as it spread southward until it culminated in the great cities of Copan, Uxmal and Palenque, and others in the south?

Absolutely not! The same ruins, the same indications of varying degrees of civilization, the same crudities found farther north, may be used with equal assurance to prove the theory that the civilization declined and waned as it spread north from the more populous centers, and the people sank into darkness and disbelief. Furthermore, the revealed Word of God will go far to support the argument of those who advance the latter theory.

In the Book of Mormon we read of the great centers of advanced civilization which flourished in the Americas in both the Jaredite and Nephite periods. Some of those have been identified as having been located in Central and South America. Of course the two civilizations flourished at widely different times, but each was destroyed in the end by similar causes. Contentions among the Jaredites occurred at various times in their history as the people forgot God and his kindness. These continued, and bloody wars were fought by the factionists until the chief nations were practically exterminated.

So with the descendants of Lehi. Hardly had they begun to prosper in the promised land until they began to quarrel. Everyone familiar with Book of Mormon history knows the final outcome of those contentions. The important point for this argument is the fact that continually there were factions breaking off from the congregation of the Lord, both in the time of the Jaredites and the Nephites. These factions would withdraw into the wilderness and refuse to

have anything to do with those who were living according to the light and truth of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Is it not perfectly reasonable to suppose that when those dissenters first broke away from the commandments of God and decided to walk in the ways of iniquity, they took with them much of the culture in which they had been reared? Is it not logical also to suppose that, as succeeding generations were born and grew to manhood, as the bands wandered farther and farther from the fold with their backs to the light, their minds became more darkened and their manners and customs more primitive? If that is a logical conclusion, one must expect to find the evidences of culture left by those people to be more and more crude as they became farther and farther removed from the source of all truth. If that is the case, then the evidences of culture found at the Pueblo Grande de Nevada could just as well prove that here was the demise of a great civilization as that here was one of the places where that civilization originated.

Therefore, if the archæologists are correct in assuming that the lost city was built 1,500 or 2,000 years ago, it is not unreasonable to believe that the evidences of culture found there point to a civilization which was declining rapidly and about to become extinct. And if they have been too conservative in estimating the age of those ruins, it may be that those walls of adobe were erected by certain branches of the Jaredites who had dwindled into darkness and disbelief.

Kaolin, Nevada.

Opportunity

Inviting one to enter in
Who has the will to work and win,
Abundant ways and means renew
The opportunity for you.

Seek inspiration by your thought,
As little comes to one unsought,
And whatsoever one requires
Is granted through intense desires.

In thoughts omniscient, let your mind
Soar into regions unconfined—
A vision see of things unknown
That through invention is your own.

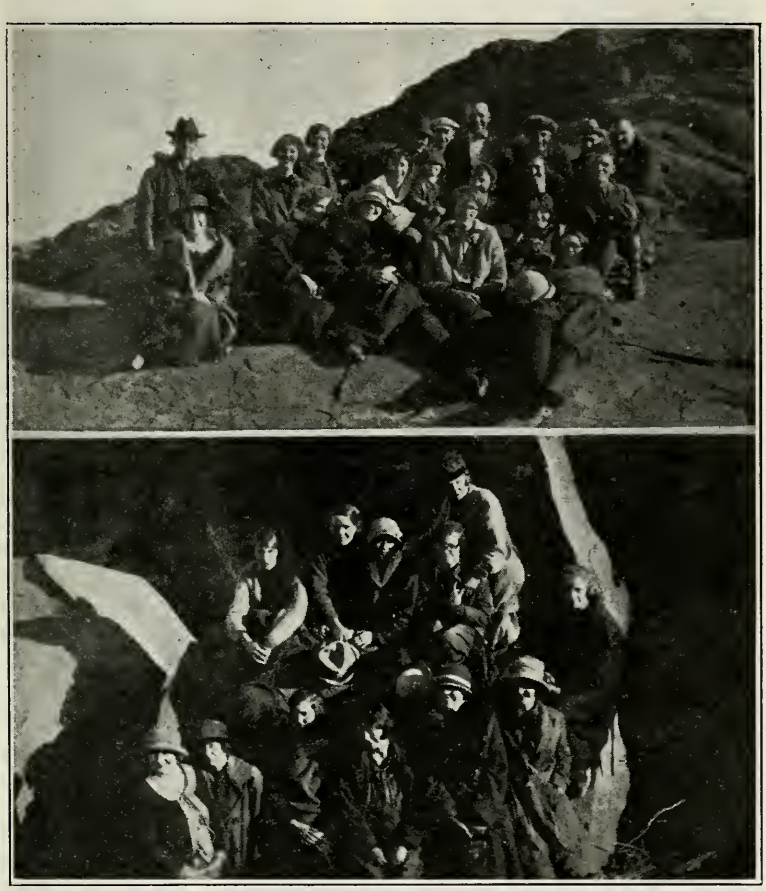
Then in the fervor of its sway
Bring forth the plan you need today—
For opportunity controls
A thousand gates, a thousand goals.

Payson, Utah. JOSEPH LONGKING TOWNSEND.

THE VALLEY OF FIRE

By Edwin G. Wells

Several pictures were recently taken on a hike of the M Men and Gleaner Girls of the Overton ward, Nevada, in the Valley of Fire.



Top: "M" Men and Gleaner Girls of the Overton ward, Moapa stake
Bottom: Gleaner Girls of the Overton ward. Moapa stake

The following hieroglyphics of ancient Indian origin and writings on the face of the red sand-stone cliffs, were taken near the place where the young people ate their luncheon. The picture of the skeleton was taken in the graves of the buried city, Pueblo Grande, which is now being uncovered by Professor M. R. Harrington, near St. Thomas

and Overton in the Moapa Valley. Mr. Harrington is director of the Museum of the American Indian, heading the Heye Foundation Expedition into the prehistoric metropolis in the Muddy and Virgen rivers valley, near Overton and St. Thomas, Nevada. These were probably the people who made the hieroglyphics in the Valley of Fire. A recent news item contains the information that the lost city is the city of a primitive people of giant stature who ruled Western America before the beginning of history. The exploration has been going on for months; and recent discoveries have given evidence that the once lost city will prove to be the largest prehistoric ruin in the western hemisphere. Round adobe buildings, some containing twenty rooms, with hard, glazed floors have been found, revealing, under their circular court-yards, the graves of a vanished race, with the average height of the skeletons of over seven feet. In many mounds already unearthed, beautiful jewelry, artistically cut and designed, and decorated pottery of fanciful design, have been found, in addition to quantities of crude hunting implements and other primitive tools. The area embraced in Pueblo Grande is eight miles wide and extends intermittently with 105 outcroppings for thirty-five miles down the Muddy and Virgen rivers valley.

Mr Harrington is said to have declared the excavation will continue until the riddle of the lost city has been completely solved.

Logandale, Nevada.

VINDICATION!

By Frank C. Steele

Time is the Great Vindicator.

Let us draw back the historic curtain for a moment.

Time—A century ago.

Place—Palmyra, New York State.

Characters—A sectarian minister and one Joseph Smith, a boy in his early teens telling a strange story.

The story the boy unfolds to the minister first brings smiles, then jeers, then abuse. Joseph is telling him of a wondrous vision he has had in a grove on his father's farm. The vision came in the midst of a celestial light brighter than the brightest sunlight. The vision, he declared with unusual vigor for a boy, revealed to his eyes God the Father and his Son, Jesus Christ.

"These heavenly Personages spoke to me, Pastor, and I could hear them as plainly as I could hear your voice inviting me to enter your study," the boy in substance explained earnestly. "He who was introduced as the Son of God did most of the speaking, and his voice I shall never forget. It thrilled me, Mr. ——— thrilled me so completely that I will carry the memory to my grave—"

"Continue, continue, you deluded, little boy, I am listening although I really oughtn't to take the time to hear such utter nonsense," smiled the minister, adjusting his glasses to get a clearer look at the boy.

"The Son told me many things, but the point I remember most, I think, was that the numerous creeds are an abomination in the sight of him; that the various quarreling sects draw near him with their lips, but their hearts are removed far from him; that they are teaching man-made doctrines; and that there was only one church of Christ organized, all of which means, pastor, that I cannot join your church or the Methodist, or any other church in existence, for they are all wrong," we surmise the boy asserting.

And the minister replying, "Joseph Smith, you are mad. Utterly mad. The devil is on your trail. Visions! What folly! Churches all wrong! More folly. Why, my boy, there must be many churches to satisfy the varying tastes and inclinations of men—"

"Beg pardon, pastor, but you are wrong. There was one true Church in Jesus' day. He organized it, and prayed that his disciples might be one, united, as John tells us in the seventeenth chapter of his gospel. I read it only yesterday. All these churches are an abomination to him. I was told that in the vision," we imagine Joseph declaring kindly but firmly.

"Get out of my study at once. This is madness, I tell you. I must see your parents at once. Get out, get out!" we can hear the

minister exclaiming. He was now in a rage, his eyes snapped fire, and he literally drove the frightened Joseph out of the room.

The scene changes.

Time—Present.

Place—Modern city church.

Characters—Large congregation and a sectarian minister.

The minister is preaching. His subject is church union. His congregation is composed of members of the Presbyterian church in Canada, and they are listening intently because this man surely speaks as one having authority. He is the chairman of the Church Union Committee.

His message is a ringing one and he tells of the movement to unite by Act of Parliament, and by the will and desire of the congregations, the three great Protestant churches in Canada: Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational.

He bases his sermon on the seventeenth chapter of the gospel of St. John. He denounces denominationalism as a thing hideous in the sight of Christ who prayed that "they all might be one even as he and the Father are one." He declares again and again there was one Christian Church in the beginning and that the competition in the religious world is wrong and wholly contrary to the teachings of our Savior.

He closes, and the people turn and say: "It is the truth—this new revelation. There *was* but one Church in the beginning. Why not a *re-union?*"

* * *

Time, to repeat, is the Great Vindicator.

Union in Canada of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational bodies will soon be an accomplished fact. The contracting bodies are committed to it, and definite steps are now being taken to put the jointly accepted constitution of the United Church of Canada into force.

A few of the reasons for Church Union, put forward by Rev. Dr. S. D. Chown, general superintendent of the Methodist Church in Canada, in a manifesto early this year, are these:

First, Methodists believe that the union is "an effort on the part of our church to answer the prayer of Christ that all who believe in him may be one; in order that the world may believe in Christ as the one sent of God."

Second, "Church unity is fully in accord with the signs of the times, and the signs of the times are the fingers of Providence pointing out the duty of the Christian Church."

Third, "The United Church of Canada will be an example to all the world," and give a larger missionary outlook to the people, who will become indeed, disciples of a world Savior.

Thus speaks Dr. Chown of the great Methodist church, in 1924. Place parallel with it the words of a minister of his own faith a cen-

tury ago. The contrast will prove striking, and significant of the same "signs of the times" referred to by the scholarly head of Canadian Methodism.

And the whole Church Union movement in Canada, and in the broader conception in the world at large, is another evidence of the divinity of the message of Joseph, the boy of Palmyra, who, through the strange workings of God's providence, became the Prophet of the last dispensation, the dispensation in which all may unite in the revealed truth, and be under divine guidance of God's chosen authority.

Lethbridge, Alta., Canada.

Success

Success, said the eminent business man,
  Whose face was marked with greed,
Who thought only of the things he possessed,
  But not of his brother's need,
Is the power I have to overcome
  The things that are in my way.
That by my persistent effort,
  I may conquer the world some day.

Success, said a tired mother,
  In answering a question asked,
Is not in the wealth we gain, my boy,
  But how we accept our task.
Not deeds that are born of idle thoughts,
  Will accomplish the top of the hill,
But success comes to us, through suffering,
  To learn the Master's will.

Success, said the humble man of God,
  I count not in dollars and cents;
Nor yet in the number of years I have lived,
  But in how those years were spent.
It isn't the wealth I accumulate,
  Or the years I spend therein.
But, that when I die I may take with me,
  The love of my fellow men.

Success is not the applause of men
  Nor does it come through big display—
True worth lies not in who we are,
  But what we are today.
Seek not to please the ways of men,
  Nor hoard to spoilers find,
But the joy that comes in a lifetime
  Spent in the service of mankind.

Nounan, Idaho NELLIE SKINNER.

HARVEST SCENE 1924, ADJOINING CARDSTON, ALBERTA, ON NORTH

Note the outlines of the Rockies in the distance—Old Chief—the square-topped mountain, the land mark, the "Ensign Peak," so to speak, to the Latter-day Saints of Alberta.

The Church utilizes the unsold portion of the "Cochrane" ranch, also its unsalable pasture land by raising cattle and sheep. The picture opposite shows Ranch headquarters, as inspected by Bishop David A. Smith on horseback, on right; Miss V. Caldwell, daughter of Foreman J. Edgar Caldwell; and President Edward J. Wood in the center, all showing some "tubers" of sunny southern Alberta. To the left of President Wood is Ross Jordan, one of the "cow boys." On the left is Foreman Caldwell, an untiring "cattle man" who "never lost a hoof for want of feed." The Church has about 8,000 sheep and 1,500 cattle. As the land is sold to settlers the size of the "Ranch" and the "herd" is reduced accordingly.—*Joseph Y. Card,* Cardston, Alta.

SCENE ON THE "CHURCH RANCH" NEAR CARDSTON, ALBERTA, SUMMER OF 1924

For names of the people, see preceding page

WINGS OF THE NIGHT

By Fred McLaughlin

Jack Newcomb had been unable to get a laugh out of Buster Keaton, and now the five-reel sob-story left him cold. During the interval between the happy ending of the feature and the beginning of a Larry Semon that had been touted to bring down the house, there came one of those interpolating advertising stunts, now all the rage in the mountain country.

The first scene showed a man staring wildly at a telegram. "Too late! Too late!" he is supposed to be saying. Then he suddenly remembers something, and dashes out.

The next flash shows him climbing into an aeroplane, along the fuselage of which has been painted "Inter-Mountain Transportation Company." The plane soars aloft. It is shown hurtling through clouds, skimming mountains, finally passing a speeding train, and lighting near a desert station. The man who was too late hops out, races to the station, pays with one hand, grabs the ticket with the other, and dashes off in time to catch the train.

There is a caption: "Did you miss your train? We catch it for you. Did you forget that date? We help you fix it up."

Another picture shows the same plane with the same advertising legend land, and the same man make a last second dash for the gang-plank, just before it is raised.

Another caption: "Did you miss your boat? We catch it for you."

Before the crowd had half read this last caption, Newcomb went suddenly insane, threw himself out of his seat, stumbled across feet and knees and chair arms, fell into the aisle, sprang to his feet, and dashed for the exit door. People looked for the fire, and an usher stood in the way of the fleeing man.

"Is there anything I can do, sir? Is there—?"

He received a stiff-armed jab that sent him twirling, and Jack broke through the door, forced his way frantically past the waiting crowd, hurled himself across the sidewalk into a huge red roadster, which roared away like a thing of life. Up Main and out South Temple it went, paying no heed to traffic or to the officer's angry whistle.

He crossed the track beside the station and sped off into the moonlit night. Beside the office of the Inter-mountain Transportation Company he came to an abrupt stop.

The calm demeanor of the slightly stooped man behind the railing infuriated him. "Can I get a ship to Frisco? Can I get—?"

The man behind the counter studied his finger nails. "Yes indeed," he said. "When do you want it?"

"When do I want it? Now. Do you think I'd—?"

"Oh, no indeed." The man with the stooped shoulders put out a hand deprecatingly. "Of course not. If you would tell me—"

Jack put his hands on the rail. "Pardon," he said: "I'm a little excited and I—"

"Sit down."

He laughed a little. "I'm afraid I can't. You see I want to catch the *President Grant* tomorrow morning at nine o'clock; the last train left Salt Lake this morning."

"I see; it's quite easy I assure you."

"Quite easy?" He stared vacantly. The man's coolness irritated him. "You mean you can put me—?"

"Oh, yes. We can easily land you in San Francisco an hour or two before sailing time."

Jack visualized that great stretch of mountain and valley and desert between Salt Lake City and the coast. "Well," he said, with doubt still lingering in his tone.

Already the still-faced man in front of him was filling in some spaces on a printed sheet, which he put under Newcomb's hand for his signature. "Of course," he was saying, "we make no guarantee against accidents, but we contract to put you in San Francisco in time for the boat."

Jack hastily scanned the printed lines. He discovered that the company promised to put him on the boat but it did not guarantee damages against personal injury. He smiled. "You mean that if you don't kill me and don't get me there in time the three hundred and fifty dollars will be returned?"

"That's it exactly," said the man.

"I'm ready now."

The blase clerk behind the counter spoke a few words into a telephone and turned back to his customer. "I'll send Mr. Halliday out with you. He's the best flyer we have. He's quite safe, I assure you."

"Halliday," said Newcomb. "Would he be a small man with a dried up face and a sense of humor?"

"He's small and his face is rather—er—dried up, as you say, but as for a sense of humor, I don't know."

"No, you wouldn't," said Jack hastily. "Fact is I knew a Halliday in France—a flyer."

The door opened behind him, and turning, he saw a little man with a dried up face and keen bright eyes, who looked at Jack an instant and then hurled himself upon him.

"Shrimp Halliday!" said Newcomb when he had gotten his breath.

"Jack, you big—"

They pump-handled each other and laughed in an excess of joy, while the still-faced gentleman behind the counter looked calmly on.

"Mr. Newcomb wants you to take him to San Francisco in time to catch the *President Grant* tomorrow morning at nine o'clock, Mr Halliday."

"Sure," said Mr. Halliday.

Shrimp Halliday climbed into the front cock-pit and Newcomb took hold of the propeller. "Let me do it, Shrimp, this time," he said.

"Go ahead."

He caught the blade, pulled it down and turned it loose. He repeated the operation and stood back. The propeller began to beat the air with a tremendous roar. Jack ran around the wing and climbed into the rear cockpit. A man in brown overalls drew a wooden block away from the wheels and away they went.

Newcomb took hold of the joy-stick, for the machine was a dual control, and the pulsing throb of the thing took him back three years to the time when he and Shrimp Halliday had flown one on the western front. High over the lake Halliday, reading his thought, turned and yelled, "Want it?"

Jack nodded and Halliday raised his hands.

Newcomb pushed the stick forward a little and dove toward the lake; then drew it back and zoomed. He twisted it sideways and banked. He pushed it forward again, turned off the gas, and fell like a plummet for half a mile while the struts shrieked in the reluctant air. A thousand feet from the surface of the lake he straightened out and then gave it all he had for another roaring climb. In the top of the climb he described a half dozen circles; flip-flops, Shrimp Halliday had called them. Then he leaned forward again and turned the joy-stick as one turns the handle of a coffee mill, throwing the ship into a soul sickening *vrille*.

He had seen a young mule, freed from the harness, cut up just this way. He felt freed from the earth, its cares, and its perennial business. Even the waiting boat with Peggy seemed of another world. He cleansed his mind in this wild debauch in the air.

From a great height he turned the nose of the plane in a gentle angle toward the earth, cut off the gas, and volplaned swiftly and easily and silently. Shrimp Halliday turned. "That'll do for you," he said; and Jack felt a firm grip on the controls. He filled his lungs and looked around. The serrated ranges speeding backward far below him were softened now under a brilliant moon. The deserts shone like sheets of silver and the few roads which crossed them seemed like tiny white ribbons.

Finally he dozed to the drone of the motor. It was Halliday's business to get him there and he felt that Halliday would do it. The hours went by and narrow parallel ranges and the broad flat deserts streamed behind them.

He woke up suddenly. The motor was dead. He saw Halliday's shoulders moving rapidly, and looking out, he perceived the earth ap-

proaching at terrific speed. Halliday turned his head for an instant said something, and turned back.

Jack loosened the belt across his lap. He remembered vividly how they had tried to drag a man from a burning ship that had crashed, and the belt across his knees had balked them. A hundred feet from the crest of a jagged mountain Shrimp lifted the machine out of the volplane and then dipped down again."

"Good boy," Jack murmured under his breath. They were nearing the flat now; ahead of them a body of water shone in the moonlight. They cleared the lake by inches, rousing thousands of pelican, the din of whose wings filled the air for five minutes. The plane came easily to rest beyond the lake, and the two men climbed out and waited for the noise of the myriad wings to cease.

"So this is Frisco," said Jack. He considered the lake. "My word, how the Pacific has shrunk!"

"Ah——," said Shrimp.

"Well," said Jack encouragingly, "we missed the mountain anyway."

Halliday laughed. "We just did." He applied himself to the motor.

"I would be foolish were I to ask you if the gas is out," said Newcomb.

"You would," agreed Halliday. "The gas is not out."

Jack looked at his watch. "It is now four o'clock," he said. "In five hours the *President Grant* pulls out."

Halliday grunted. "I guess there's some solder in the circulation," he explained.

"Sort of a blood clot, eh?" questioned Jack. "That's usually fatal, isn't it?"

Shrimp Halliday stood up slowly, straightening out a badly aching back. "There ought to be a law," he said slowly, "making it a high crime to poke fun at a man whose motor has quit. I can't fix this 'til daylight."

"Where are we?"

"We're in Nevada," said Halliday.

"Ah, so?"

"That's Carson Sink Lake." Shrimp spat at the stagnant water. "The railroad is over there." He pointed northwest. "Ten miles or more. Hazen is over there." He pointed west. "Fallon down yonder, about fifteen miles southwest. Aside from that," he finished, "there's nobody home."

"Ah, then," said Jack encouragingly, "we will have a nice quiet morning."

"Hm."

"Is there a ship either in Hazen or Fallon?"

"No," said Halliday. "Hazen is only a railroad point and Fallon's a bunch of nesters."

"I've got an idea that I'm going to get my three hundred and fifty dollars back."

Shrimp Halliday turned and extended his hand. "I'm sorry, Jack."

"It's all right, old kid."

They sat down on the soft alkali dirt and looked out over the moonbathed hills. Halliday dug a hole in the soil with his heel. "I've worked for that joint fifteen months," he said reminiscently, "and I haven't yet failed to land my man in time."

"How long will it take to fix it after daylight?"

"An hour or two if at all," said Shrimp.

"Say seven o'clock."

"Um-huh. And there's not a flying thing that can go from here to Frisco in two hours."

They sat in silence for ten minutes. "If I had the wherewith," said Jack, "I'd play you a game."

Shrimp Halliday stood up. He knew that tone of voice. He remembered it was just such a tone that Jack had used when he had announced one bleak night that his brother had crashed.

"I guess you wanted to get that boat, Jack."

Newcomb nodded.

"Business?"

Jack shook his head.

"Hm; only one other thing."

"You're real bright," said Jack. He drew a telegram from his pocket and extended it to Halliday, who spread it out, shot his flashlight upon it, and read aloud:

"John C. Newcomb.
321 South Main,
Salt Lake City.

"Sorry.

"Peggy."

Halliday handed it back. "Short," he said, "and quite sweet." He studied the dead ship for a moment. "I take it she's on the *President Grant.*"

"Yes."

"Which sails this morning at nine."

"Yes again."

"And at the last minute you decided—"

Newcomb interrupted. "Not quite; I was there. There was a party of eight going all the way around—guests of Peggy's mother and father. It had been planned that we were to be married somewhere on the way. Probably the consulate at Pekin. Day before yesterday we had some words—Peggy and I."

"You poor simp," broke in Halliday.

"Exactly," agreed Jack. "I took my hat and came back home. I found this wire waiting for me in Salt Lake, but the last train had

already gone. I dropped into a movie," he continued slowly, "to while away a rotten hour."

Shrimp Halliday laughed. "Do you know, Jack, the Company gave me a hundred dollars for that advertising idea?"

Jack grunted. "It's worth it," he said, "when it works."

So they waited. The moon went down beyond the arid western desert, and the pink came up behind the gray hills to the east. Halliday tinkered with the engine while Newcomb cast what few stones he could find at a dilatory pelican who seemed too lazy or too careless to move.

Long after seven o'clock the furious roar of the whirling propeller filled the desert with sound which beat back from the high ranges in ever fading echoes. It was nearly eight o'clock when they passed the impounded waters of the Truckee and Carson Rivers, flying high now over the ragged ranges of eastern California. Just before eleven o'clock the plane landed on a stretch of beach north of Sausalito.

"Try the telephone," urged Halliday. "It's possible that something may have postponed the sailing."

Jack was back in ten minutes, breathless and discouraged. "There's no use," he said; "I might as well take the train back."

Halliday looked out to the west. Faintly there came to them the murmur of the Pacific. "It seems to be calling, doesn't it, Jack?"

Newcomb turned a haggard face to his friend. "I'd have given a thousand dollars to have made that boat."

Halliday still faced the west. "She's going to meet a good many men between here and New York—fascinating men, clever ones, handsome beggars, and maybe a title or two."

"You give me a pain," said Jack.

The flyer suddenly turned back. "The Inter-Mountain Transportation Company guaranteed to put you on the boat. I am paid to fulfil their promises. If you're willing to take a chance I'll drop you right into the arms of your lady love."

Newcomb looked into the wrinkled face and keen eyes, and he saw there the light of the fanatic, the crusader. He laughed shortly. "That fish-faced 'dood' back there in Salt Lake assured me you were quite safe."

Halliday grinned.

"I didn't realize, Shrimp, until I had lost the boat, how badly I wanted to catch it."

"Are you on?" questioned the flyer.

"I'll take any chance to make it."

They raced toward a tumble-down store which stood beside the dusty road, and brought back two huge cans of gasoline and a heavy roll of rope. Soon the tiny craft took the air again, pointing its nose out into the broad Pacific.

Newcomb knew that the *President Grant* had at least an eighty mile lead on them. Directions to him were vague, and the boats, com-

ing and going on the water far below them, seemed lost on the boundless ocean. He leaned forward and yelled into the flyer's ear, "Can we find it?"

"We can't miss it; it's as big as a ball park, and they all follow the same line."

There was a cross wind, and Jack knew that the ship was making nearly a hundred miles an hour, which meant that the *President Grant* would be over a hundred miles out when they caught it.

It was after one when they sighted it; just a speck at first, but assuming size and shape with incredible swiftness.

Halliday cut off the gas and, turning, spoke in the silence that followed: "There she is, Jack; pretty?"

"Beautiful!" said Jack. He visualized a slim, lithe little beauty with great gray eyes and a wealth of golden-brown curls, with sweetly pointed chin and warm, willing lips. She had said she was sorry, and now he was coming back. He counted no chances of failure.

"All ready?" Halliday's voice was a little bit husky. As Jack climbed out of the cock-pit the flyer gripped his hand an instant. "Wave a hat three times if you light," he said; and then, "good luck, old head!"

Newcomb tied one end of the rope around a strut and dropped the coil, which straightened out behind them. He drew it back and tied a number of knots near the end. As the craft circled over the speeding steamer he lay flat on the wing and slid off gradually. Looking up he saw a hand and Shrimp Halliday's anxious face.

He had wrapped the rope around his leg, and as the air beat him and whirled him around and around he let the rope slip slowly through his gripping fingers until he reached the knots at the end. Then he held on and waited.

He swung high over the ship. Another great circle of the plane and he paralleled the length of the deck no more than twenty feet above it. The people stared, spell-bound, and a slim girl in a white dress and a floppy sailor hat screamed, "No, Jack! No-No!" How she recognized him in the all-enveloping canvas suit and helmet and goggles only love can tell.

Another circling trip and the watchers on the boat saw the speeding, pendant figure lift its feet to miss the rail, then drop to the deck, skidding forty feet and plunging into a fat man in a steamer chair.

Jack got to his feet. "Pardon," he said, to the irate man, still tangled up in the overturned chair. Then he sank slowly to the deck. "Guess I hurt my leg."

The girl had hold of him now. She tore the goggles and the helmet from his head. "Are you hurt, Jack?" Half sobbing, she held to him. "Are you—?"

The roar of the plane came to them again. "Somebody wave a hat," said Jack, feebly, "three times around your head."

Peggy sprang clear of the crowd, took off the broad gray hat

and swung it around her head three times as the machine swept by for the last time. A hand waved from the fuselage, the plane turned sharply and sped away to the eastward.

Shrimp Halliday, hurtling home through the balmly moon-lit night, happy in the knowledge of a task well done, did not know that the radio had passed him, and that a thousand dollars awaited him in the office of the Inter-Mountain Transportation Company.

THE DAWN

By Joseph Quinney Jr., President of the Canadian Mission

Behold:

The morning breaks; the hour of light has dawned. With majestic touch he sweeps the skies; all space is filled with light. O what light! It is God who speaks, and with his word all earth gives ear. The Son of God is born; he is called the *Mighty One, The King.*

Behold:

With this Son of Light all sordid things are gone; they sleep in unknown graves, while this Celestial One brings peace. He is called the Prince of Peace, who stands as God to bless and give—to lead the way, the eternal way of life, where love is work and work is love.

Behold:

The dawn of Light is love, God's pure love to bind up broken hearts. Ah! this Light of all great lights is faith, a pure and vital faith. The dead are made to live, the blind to see, the sick are healed, and the dumb sing praises to his name. This Holy One moves in majestic power, unfolding in his path of grace all life—eternal life.

Behold:

This Starlit Son of Light is God; he spreads in everlasting splendor, his rays upon the believing and on the unbelieving. Omnipotent in power, this Light of lights deals justly with the just and the unjust. The cycle is fixed; all deeds are weighed; the reward is given as man is found.

Behold:

This Mighty One, the Christ, brought gifts to man; not gifts that die, but gifts that live and grow in God's great garden of love. Ah! the gift of all great gifts grows in mighty splendor. Christ gave to man his greatest prize. This gift of *Life* is ours; immortality our crown; ours, through this Prince of Peace is eternal life, everlasting joy.

Toronto, Canada

HEROES OF SCIENCE

By President F. S. Harris, and N. I. Butt, of the Brigham Young University

10. Mme. Curie

To those who complain that they never have a chance to make good, the life of Madame Curie should be an inspiration. She was a poor, friendless, untutored Polish girl in the early nineties of the last century when she went to Paris to secure an education. By the end of that decade, she was heralded as one of the world's greatest discoverers. Her fame is increasing as the full significance of her contributions become better known.

Marie Sklodowska, who later became Madame Curie, was the daughter of a professor in the "Gymnasium" of Warsaw in Russia. She was born in 1867. In her girlhood days she spent much time in her father's laboratory where she very likely secured the interest in scientific investigation which later brought her fame. Her schooling was limited.

At the age of 24, being forced to flee from Russia because of her association with the revolutionary party, she made up her mind to secure an education and devote her life to science. Arriving in Paris almost penniless she supported herself by doing little odd jobs such as washing bottles at the Sorbonne University, and she lived on bread and milk for months. Later she added to her earnings by private teaching.

Miss Sklodowska was such an earnest and thorough student of mathematics and the sciences that she soon attracted the attention of the professor at the head of the department in which she worked. He gave her much of the encouragement and friendship needed in her struggle for success. Also it was through him that she met Pierre Curie who was studying the same field of science. Due to their common interests in science these two students soon developed a warm friendship and finally in 1895 they were married.

For the next three years, while she was finishing the school work necessary for her college degree, she was devotedly using all her spare time in helping her husband with his work. Then, with her preparation complete, her abilities recognized, and her petition to carry on the work approved, she threw her whole efforts into the original scientific research she had so long been preparing herself to do.

One of the subjects being actively investigated at this time was the peculiar light, given off by the newly discovered X-ray, which would penetrate substances opaque to ordinary light. These penetrating rays were found to come from a chemical substance called uranium.

It was in connection with the latter substance that Madame Curie began the work which soon brought fame through the discovery of the wonderful substance called radium.

The first investigation was to test all substances to discover which gave off this peculiar light. Having solved this problem and discovered that a mineral called pitchblend is the best source of the rays, Madame Curie, together with her husband, undertook the tremendous task of finding whether the rays did not come from some new chemical substance within the mineral.

Starting with a ton of the mineral, each particle of it was carefully examined by means of its action toward electricity. Thousands of the tiny bits had to be worked with to secure any of the active material they were seeking. When they finally completed the experiment they had remaining out of the ton of mineral only a few pounds of the highly refined material in the test tubes of their laboratory.

But even then it was discovered that part of this refined substance (called polonium in honor of Madame Curie's native country) was made up of a part more active than the rest. Another long period of tedious chemical manipulation was necessary before the active principle, radium, was discovered in 1898. It required twelve years more before a method was discovered for reducing it to a chemically pure element.

Out of the ton of material they began with, they secured a piece of radium perhaps the size of two or three dozen small grains of sugar. But what a storehouse of energy it proved to be! It contains more than a million times as much energy as an equal weight of coal. So much energy was stored in this tiny bit of material that it started scientists to investigating the energy in other materials. They found that all substances have a tremendous amount of energy, and if they can but learn the secrets of unlocking these stores of energy it will not take huge trains to carry coal about the country, because a very few ounces of fuel will be enough to run a large engine for a long time.

So remarkable were the discoveries of the Curies both in finding radium and in studying it to learn of its many properties, that at three different times they were awarded the most highly prized medals and honors of the scientific world.

In the spring of 1921 the women of America decided to show their appreciation of Madame Curie by presenting her with a gram —a small thimbleful—of radium for further experimentation. Although this quantity is only one twenty-seventh of an ounce, it has an actual cash value of hundreds of thousands of dollars. To get this quantity of radium, it required six hundred tons of ore, a thousand tons of coal, five hundred tons of chemicals, ten thousand tons of chemically pure water, and the labor of 500 men for six months. Such a reward to the woman who only 25 to 30 years before was nothing

but a poor Polish girl, should be an example to everyone of what determination will do. The appreciation shown Madame Curie brought tears to her eyes when she received it, but it did not spoil her as she always returns to her work with a grim resolution to live up to the expectations of her admirers.

The first discoveries about radium were important but the subsequent ones have been almost revolutionary. The fact that it breaks up into entirely new chemical elements is completely changing some of our ideas concerning chemistry, physics, astronomy and geology. It has been found of great service in medicine and in many other branches of science. Its discoverers have rendered a great service to mankind.

Provo, Utah.

To My Son

You told me that you'd like some lines
  By mother, Sammy boy,
And so, my son, this New Year Eve
  To write them I will try.
I hope you'll always want to be
  Advised by pa and me,
And more I hope that always we
  Shall good advisers be.

You know, when you first came to us
  'Way back in nineteen-twelve,
We thought you almost sweet enough
  To be a Fairy Elf.
But since we've found you're very real
  And 'live to all that's going,
Now we expect—your pa and I—
  Some day you'll make a showing.

Honor the ones who gave you birth
  And to yourself be true;
Remember you've been sent to earth
  A glorious work to do.
Then put in your best effort here,
  A shining light to be,
Be honest, brave, wise and sincere
  And from temptation flee.

Be slow to fight a fellow friend
  For wrong he's done to you,
But ready always to defend
  The old, the weak, the true.
Be a good scout and mind your dues,
  And your religion, too.
God bless you, son, and help you choose
  What's right for yours and you.

Royal Oak, Mich. LUCY WRIGHT SNOW

THE FOURTH OF THE FAR FIFTEEN

By Alfred Powers

At six p. m., an hour late, the branch-line train pulled into Klamath Falls, Oregon, May 20, 1923. A crowd, regardless of cooling suppers at home, waited eagerly at the postoffice for distribution of the mail. In that crowd was a boy who wasn't expecting anything for himself, but who was there to claim and take home to his parents what the postal clerks might place in Box 119.

When he turned the key and opened the window of that box, he found an official-looking envelope, addressed neither to his father nor his mother but in four typewritten lines to: "Mr. Scott Howe, Leader Pelican Patrol, Boy Scout Troop No. 1, Klamath Falls, Oregon." He opened the envelope, read the letter and left the postoffice in haste and excitement.

As quickly as he could he gathered up the seven other members of the patrol for an impromptu meeting at the home of Professor George Griffin, the scoutmaster, to consider the proposals of the letter, which was from the Panther Patrol of the Boy Scout troop at Hood River, Oregon, and which read as follows:

Will the Pelican Patrol climb Mt. Shasta to light red fire on the summit at exactly ten-fifteen the night of July Fourth. If so, this patrol promises to be on top of Mt. Hood at exactly ten o'clock the same night to signal with fireworks. The quarter of an hour interval will keep each party from being blinded by its own light.

This proposition is made for two reasons: One is to clear up the scientific point. No one has ever seen Mt. Shasta from Mt. Hood or *vice versa*. They are two hundred and fifty miles apart and the question is: Does the natural curvature of the earth bulge up the intervening Cascade Range so as to break the line of vision? In daytime, the snow-covered tops are not bright enough to focus the sight to the best advantage at so great a distance. But brilliant fireworks at night would make the peaks visible from each other if the roundness of the earth doesn't interfere, and to find out definitely whether it does interfere is one reason for this climb.

The other reason is that we can furnish a Fourth of July spectacle which has never been equalled anywhere. Portland's 260,000 inhabitants and many smaller towns in Oregon, Southern Washington and Northern California can see one or the other illuminated mountain, so that more than half a million people will enjoy the fireworks we put on. Druggists will mix up red fire for about seventy-five cents a pound. We'll need close to a hundred pounds for each mountain. But the celebration committees of Portland and the other towns ought to be willing to finance the trips. If you wish, our scoutmaster, Sheriff John Taylor, will see what can be done about this.

Only six of us can make the climb: John Taylor, scoutmaster; Jess Wilson, Ben Clark, Jack Sutton, Gus Peterson and Andy Applegate.

We have only about six weeks before the Fourth, so if you can't climb Mt. Shasta let us know by return mail if possible and we'll submit the proposition to one of the patrols of Medford, Oregon, or Sacramento, California.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) JESS WILSON,
Leader Panther Patrol,
Hood River, Oregon.

"Medford or Sacramento," repeated Scott, as the letter was finished. "What do they take us for, tenderfeet? Let's write the letter now and tell them we're on."

"Yes, let's write it," they all agreed. "You'll be our guide, won't you, Professor Griffin? You've climbed the mountain once or twice."

"Yes," consented the scoutmaster, "I'll go along. But I want to be sure you boys fully understand what you're undertaking. Shasta is one of the highest mountains in North America and climbing it is a hard job and may prove a dangerous one. If you burn the red fire at ten-fifteen, you'll have to stay on the summit from then till morning. It'll be the longest night you ever spent in your lives, and cold—say! Eight sets of teeth will clatter all night—nine sets, for mine will join the chorus. But I believe every boy here is equal to the task. I wouldn't agree to go along if I didn't think so. Hands up, all who want to make the climb."

"You see it's unanimous," announced Scott. "Let's write the letter."

"Before we do that," said Professor Griffin, "we must take another vote. You're forgetting your parents. Go home, each one of you, and get their consent. Then we'll write the letter."

No parental veto being reported, they jointly composed the following reply:

You don't need to take your proposition to Medford or Sacramento. This patrol will be on top of Mt. Shasta to shoot off red fire at exactly 10:15 on the night of the coming Fourth of July. We shall get the direction of Mt. Hood by compass and shall be looking for your light at exactly ten o'clock.

You bring up an interesting point as to whether the curvature of the earth's surface is sufficient to cut off the view from one mountain to the other. Mt. Hood is 11,225 feet high; Mt. Shasta is 14,440. We believe these will be high enough watch towers to enable us to see the two hundred and fifty miles. We can hardly wait for the time to come to settle the question by the actual test of sight.

With our scoutmaster, Professor George Griffin, as guide, all eight members of this patrol will undertake the climb, their names being Scott Howe, Ed Stockton, Walter Underwood, Mike McGee, Ralph Weed, Cal Eaton, Sid St. Slair and Al Whitaker.

We shall be glad for Sheriff Taylor to arrange for the expense money as you suggest. We can take up further details by correspondence and probably our scoutmasters can meet for a conference a few days before the Fourth.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) SCOTT HOWE,
For the Pelican Patrol.

Plans went ahead, receiving much notice in the newspapers. A score of Fourth of July posters in as many cities and towns, had prominently displayed as a feature: "Pyrotechnic display from top of Mt. Hood, 10:00 p. m. Top of Mt. Shasta, 10:15 p. m."

Plenty of money was donated for the enterprise. Other gifts were made also. Among them was a watch and a compass apiece for the scoutmasters, and, most prized of all, two American flags from the Daughters of the American Revolution. These thoughtful

women had had special staffs of hickory made, spiked with steel, the silken banners themselves being incased in waterproof tubing. A note to each patrol explained that in order that the flag might not be an incumbrance, the staff could be used by the boy carrying it as an alpenstock. There was no more beautiful thought in connection with the whole program than of these two flags fluttering their bright folds at each other from those far distant summits on Independence Day.

The district forestry office in Portland offered the use of four carrier pigeons, two for each patrol, one to be let loose on the way up, preferably at the beginning of the final climb, the other when the summit was reached. In case of accident during the climb, the second pigeon, if it itself escaped disaster, could carry news and bring help.

Each patrol took regular hikes and hardened themselves for the climb. The Mazamas, the famous mountain climbing club of Oregon, gave help and advice. The scoutmasters had a conference in Portland. By the last day in June everything was in readiness.

Meanwhile, waiting for their part in the great event, the two silent mountain peaks lifted far upward toward the summer skies their crowns all powdered like a cavalier's wig.

II

It was still dark when the suburban roosters began lustily to herald July second, but the sleeping town of Hood River paid no attention. The town slept on, unheeding and unawakened. It did not hear a motor truck pass through the streets and out upon a southbound road or the cadenced tramp of feet upon the pavement like soldiers marching.

It was the Panther Patrol, with Sheriff Taylor as guide, starting for Mt. Hood, which, more than twenty miles away, stood unseen in the morning darkness. They might have ridden part of the way, or even all of the way, to the timbered base of that great mountain, but they preferred to walk. Their light army packs contained nothing but their lunches and their mess kits.

The truck, bound for Cloud Cap Inn, 6,500 feet up at timber line, carried their equipment. This consisted of one hundred pounds of red fire stored in ten water-tight bags, a toboggan, a coil of rope, a compass, two carrier pigeons in a box, a hatchet, an ice axe, three flashlights, six alpenstocks, one of them—the flag—encased part way like a traveler's umbrella, two pup tents, ten woolen blankets, extra clothing to the extent of six pairs of woolen socks, six suits of woolen underclothes and six heavy rough-neck sweaters. The truck also carried a supply of bacon, canned beans, hardtack, raisins, unsweetened chocolate bars and other plain food. This was most of the equipment, though there were other odds and ends like goggles for the eyes and grease-paint for the face.

After this hard day of uphill hiking they might have slept and eaten at Cloud Cap Inn, but they did neither. Among the last wind-beaten trees, not far from the lower edge of the white expanse, they set up their pup tents, cut boughs for mattresses, cooked their suppers, flipped coins to see who would be the lucky ones to sleep in the middle and repaired by threes to their tiny quarters, with all their clothes on, including some of the extras. Only their shoes were taken off.

Their camp preparations had included the building of a rock coop for the pigeon box. This was further protected by a covering of boughs, an opening for air being left to leeward.

They needed no alarm clock to get them up in the morning, and at that frosty altitude crowing roosters would have been like painting the lily or bringing coals to Newcastle. An arctic cold, against which three covers are no adequate protection, is the best kind of inducement for early rising.

In one of the tents a flashlight turned on the face of a watch showed that it was only 3:00 a. m., but the boy announced:

"I'm going to get up."

"No, it isn't time," protested the boy in the middle. "It isn't nearly time."

"I'm going to get up, too," declared the boy on the other side.

This seemed like rank desertion to the boy in the middle. "What's the big idea," he demanded, "of getting up in the middle of the night?"

"To build a fire and thaw out—that's the idea," they replied, putting on their stiffened shoes.

Five minutes later, the boy thus left exposed both port and starboard to the creeping chill, reversed his former opinion and called to the firemakers:

"I believe it is time to get up."

They spent that day, July third, in getting their redfire half way up to the top. They tied the ten sacks of this securely on board the toboggan, using for this purpose part of their rope but leaving a long length to pull with. They harnessed themselves by tying three sticks at intervals along the rope, two pulling at a stick. By this arrangement also if anyone lost his footing, all he had to do was to hang on. One hand of each was given over to draft purposes. Each outside hand carried an alpenstock.

The baggage was no great impediment at first, but before long it began to show a lot of resistance. By the middle of the morning they were dragging it along by slow and difficult stages. To make matters worse the July sun distilled tropical weather upon them as they labored. They put on goggles to protect their eyes from the glare, their faces being already protected from snowburn by grease-paint, lamp-black and even patches of court plaster. Forcing the sled to follow them, they toiled slowly up the steepening slope. They

pulled the toboggan across crevasses on snow bridges, and, lifting it up, carried it like a stretcher over warty areas of lava outcroppings. At last, with some satisfaction, they looked up at the summit and down at timber line whence they had come. In actual distance they had come more than half way. But how much steeper it was above than below. Soon they would have to leave the sled and transfer its distributed load to their backs.

"Let's call it a day," said Sheriff Taylor.

Before descending to camp, they cached the toboggan in as protected a place as they could find and anchored it by means of the rope to the neighboring rocks, so that it would not be lifted up and thrown back down the slope by the night winds that whip these altitudes like a winter gale at sea.

After the toil of the day sleep yielded less easily to the interruptions of the cold so the night seemed reasonably short.

At five a. m. on the Fourth of July the mobilized patrol stood round their extinguished camp fire, all ready for the final ascent. It was the Fourth of fair weather for which they had hoped—no cloud, or fog, or threat of rain. The white slopes stretched upward before them in the starlight.

They took only their alpenstocks, their pack equipment, their extra clothes, the ice axe, the flashlights, the compass, some hardtack and chocolate which they carried in their pockets, and the pigeons, the first of which they meant to turn loose when they reached the cache of the toboggan. In addition, Sheriff Taylor carried a canteen of water at his belt.

"Forward march!" he called and soon the crusted snow was crunching under their feet.

They reached the sled at nine o'clock. A boy took one of the pigeons and warmed it under his sweater, while Sheriff Taylor with a sharp-pointed pencil wrote a note in tiny script. He fastened this into the band on the pigeon's leg and the boy with a final stroke of a caressing hand along its glossy back let the messenger fly.

The pigeon spiralled overhead, twice, three times, and then, with its mysterious and unerring sense of direction, started off towards Portland.

They now turned to the work of the day. They looked up at the precipitous incline of white and down at the sled with its ten bags of red fire.

"This is the end of the journey for the toboggan," announced the sheriff. "After this it will be a la pack mule. I'll take three in my pack. Jess and Ben are big fellows and can handle two apiece. Jack, you can take the pigeon besides a bag, can't you? Gus and Andy can take a bag apiece."

They planted weary feet upon the summit at four o'clock and almost wished they hadn't arrived so soon, for the wind, cold and piercing, assailed this pinnacle with savage fury.

First of all they turned loose the pigeon. Then they lost no time in putting on their extra clothes. Five of them formed a circle, within which as a dressing room the sixth in turn effected a change. In this way he got some protection from the icy blasts during the brief period when shoes, shirt and trousers were off and the extra socks and union suit were not yet on.

The additional garments made a lot of difference but were far from affording complete comfort against the buffet of that chill and lofty gale. It was now only four-thirty. They would have to get along as best they could for nearly six hours longer.

For a while they found ample entertainment in the view spread out before them on every hand. To the north rose the white peaks of St. Helens, Adams and Ranier. With one sweep of their eyes they took in three hundred miles of the mighty Columbia's course—from where it flowed through desert sage and dune to where it met the ocean in a white and tumultuous embrace. Southward their gaze leaped the zigzag ridges of the Cascades to Mt. Jefferson, Mt. Washington, the Three Sisters—where their strained vision abruptly stopped, powerless in spite of all the bright daylight that lay over the ranges to make the final reach to Shasta.

To this far-leagued landscape they made an appropriate addition. They took the protective covering from the flag, planted the staff deeply in the snow and loosed the clean, bright standard to the play of the winds, which by this time had begun to die down but which still blew strong enough so the slender hickory pole bent back and forth and the silken banner now contracted in shimmering folds and now stretched this way and that towards various sections of the fair land it symbolized.

At right angles to Portland, in a basin among the exposed rocks, they prepared a place for the red fire but dared not pour it out of the bags and spread it for fear it would be blown away.

The sun went down, the woods and valleys and all the wide-spreading world faded from view, and the stars came out. Here and there patches of light denoted the presence of far distant towns and cities.

Except to determine the time at frequent intervals, they moved about and exercised to keep warm without the use of their flashlights, all three of which, with unweakened batteries, would be needed to light the steep way down the mountain to camp after their own illumination and the illumination they hoped to see.

While waiting, they watched the fireworks in Portland and other towns below. From that height and distance they looked like miniature pyrotechnics in Lilliputia. Rockets and Roman candles that were no doubt hailed with "Golly, that's a high one" seemed to them to shoot upward only a foot or two and to be wire-like shafts of light no bigger than the filament of an electric bulb.

At last it was five minutes to ten. They poured the red fire

out of the bags, spread it, and at a point of contact fluffed some dry cotton for a fuse.

One boy held a watch, while another stood ready with a match.

"Ten!" cried the timekeeper.

The lighted match was touched to the cotton at the edge of the mealy-looking substance spread out there like food for chickens.

All have seen a dark hall made light to its furthest corner with an ounce of photographer's flash powder, but few have seen a hundred pounds of red fire in simultaneous and magnificent conflagration.

Suddenly, at the wholesale ignition, the dark and lofty world where they stood grew brighter than day. Crimson snow, crimson rocks and crimson faces of one another. No alloy of smoke, no alloy of violence—the mealy chemical, with its mixture of red chellac, gave all its energy to the creation of a pure and dazzling flame. It was too brilliant for the eyes to look upon. It was more intense than the sun's rays at summer noonday and redder than those rays at setting For a minute only it held vivid sway over the ruddied mountain top and in the night above. Then upon the instant the transitory splendor faded and the redescending darkness settled down ten times more profound than before.

At twelve minutes after ten, standing in a row, they faced toward the south in the direction the compass showed them Shasta to be. During these three minutes they were on guard against the chance of any discrepancy of time, though the watch that the sheriff held in his hand had been regulated to the second with Professor Griffin's.

They stood in peering expectancy, focused eyes alert to catch the faintest gleam of that distant signal. The watch said fourteen minutes after ten. Then the second hand went round till it reached forty

"Watch for the light," cautioned Sheriff Taylor. The hand reached sixty. It was ten-fifteen. The time had arrived for the greatest of all triumphs of human sight.

But they saw nothing. There was no light, no signal, no disturbance of the universal darkness southward across the ranges.

At less tension, but still hopefully, they waited five minutes more, but they waited in vain.

They forgot that the roundness of the earth might have shut off the signal, forgot that the red fire on Shasta might have burned unseen by them. They were sure this could not be—not after the long distances they had seen that day. And they knew that if the other climbers had failed, danger and accident were back of that failure. There came to them all one thought—one fear:

"What has happened to the Pelican Patrol on Mt. Shasta?"

III

In the city of Portland thousands of people shared this concern. The modern newspaper works fast. A few minutes after the light on

Mt. Hood, the morning edition was on the street with a brief account of it. The raucous chorus came from the newsboys:

"Morning p-a-per! Illumination of Mt. Hood. Boys lost on Shasta! Oregonian p-a-per! Paper, mister?"

The account read as follows:

"The most unique Fourth of July event ever staged in Oregon and probably the whole nation was the illumination of Mt. Hood. Precisely at ten p. m., the time appointed, a bright red light shone way up in the sky above the eastern horizon. It lasted for fifty-five seconds and was greeted with cheers from the thousands congregated on the bridges, wharves, roofs and the hills back of town, and with vigorous and long-continued whistles from the vessels in the harbor.

"But what has happened to the boys that climbed Mt. Shasta to illuminate it in a similar manner?"

"Three pigeons have returned to the cote of Forest Examiner James McDuff. Two of these are from Mt. Hood, where we know the boys are safe. The one from Mt. Shasta was turned loose at 8:30 a. m. and reached Portland at 12:30 p. m., making the two hundred and fifty miles in four hours. It brought this abbreviated message: 'Jly 4. 8½ a. m. ½way up slope fm timber line. Evrybdy O. K. Pel. Patrol.'

"The second pigeon was to be released as soon as the patrol reached the summit. Why hasn't it arrived? What has happened to the boy climbers of Shasta?"

IV

What indeed had been the fate of the Pelican Patrol while toiling up the snowy slopes of Shasta? By what danger had their progress been halted? By what catastrophe had they been overwhelmed?

With practically the same equipment as the Hood River group they had started out from Klamath Falls on the morning of July second. They went by train to Sisson, California, where they secured packhorse transportation for the bulk of their supplies to timber line.

They had spent July third, as had the Panther Patrol on Mt. Hood, pulling their loaded toboggan as far as possible up the mountain side.

From the place of its cache, at 8:30 a. m. on July Fourth, they had released the first pigeon and had started on the long march upward.

There are several available routes up Shasta but they selected the one ordinarily used by the Sisson guides. This was over a snow field flanked on either hand by two sharp ridges, or hog backs, which buttressed the mountain on that side and which lifted almost vertical walls a thousand feet above the snow. These had serried and crumbling skylines from which the boulders tumbled in mighty cannonading.

Luckily, the glacier was wide enough so they were safe from being crushed. They did not go up the center, however, but kept as far to the right as they safely could. They did this because the snow not only sloped down but rather steeply from left to right. Their march was along the lower side.

A little after eleven they came to a crevice that stretched athwart their path, without a bridge of snow anywhere in sight. The fissure extended clear across the snow field from one ridge to the other. They might have found a crossing at the end of it, along the base of the nearest ridge, but they had seen too many huge stones come catapulting down to expose themselves even briefly in that constantly menaced locality.

But it was necessary to get across. Further along, toward the right-hand ridge they found a place where the cleavage was only six or seven feet wide. Not all of them had ever qualified for the broad jump in track events but they decided this could be leaped in safety, though they realized that six feet on safe and level ground is quite different from six feet over an abyss.

They stood cautiously at the edge of the crevasse to test the solidity of the bank and peered down its sheer and gleaming walls. Although out at the center it was probably hundreds of feet deep, here it was not more than fifty or sixty feet.

"I'll go across first," said Professor Griffin. "I'll hold one end of the rope and jump. You boys hold the other end so you can break my fall if I tumble in."

He made it across without mishap as did four of the boys. Then before the others jumped, they gave their attention to getting the loaded toboggan across. How to do this had stumped them at first but they had hit upon a plan which they now carried out.

The rope was attached so that a length extended from each corner of the sled. The two front lengths were thrown across to the four boys and Professor Griffin on the far side, the other four boys managing the rear ropes. When the toboggan was safely over, those on the far side pulled it several yards out of the way, towards the cliff at the right where they saw a smooth ascent for its runners when they should start upward. They left it there, detached the rope, and returned to their place opposite the four who still had to cross.

Just then a crash of thunder came from the summit. While climbing they had seen a cloud resting on the top, but had thought nothing of it except that it might prevent their illumination from being seen to the best advantage if it continued to hang there, as it probably wouldn't, for they knew that such foggy wreaths were accustomed to disappear as quickly as they formed. But now the whole volume of the cloud was black and sinister and pregnant with electricity. They were to witness one of the sudden thunderstorms that wrack this peak when all the world below is calm and bright. The angry cloud boiled round the pinnacle and in its turmoil shot

out dark and opaque arms of vapor a short way over the ridges. The thunder pealed and reverberated and seemed to shake with its awful claps the whole vast bulk of the mountain, while tongues of lightning shot out and hurled zigzag streaks against the crags.

It was a spectacle to intimidate and alarm but strangely enough the fair weather where they stood was scarcely disturbed. The four remaining boys began to cross the crevasse. Now the rope was held on the farther side, not directly in front of the person jumping but off to one side so he would not be impeded by it or get entangled in it.

Sometimes as a boy was running to make the leap he was stopped at the very brink, as one stops at sight of a snake, by a sharp clap of thunder. It did not strike him; it was the terrible sound that halted him in his tracks.

In a few minutes all had safely crossed except Scott. His alpenstock was the flag. Holding this in his left hand and the end of the rope in his right, he jumped as the others before him had done.

As he landed he stuck his staff like a spear in the snow at his feet. This snow, weakened by the repeated jars, began to cave, so that Scott was able to save himself only by grabbing hold with both hands of the rope which the boys pulled towards them, the snow on which he had stood falling with a crash as he quitted it.

He was safe but the alpenstock—the American flag—had gone down into the crevasse with the cave-in.

"It's the flag," said Scott, "and we must rescue it."

"Yes," agreed Professor Griffin, "I'm sure none of us feel like leaving it down there. You boys hang onto the rope and I'll go down after it."

"Let me," asked Scott. "I'm lighter than you. You'll be stouter holding the rope. And I was the one that lost it. Let me go."

Professor Griffin hesitated a moment, looked over the edge from a safe place and saw the staff sticking up from amidst the fallen ice at the bottom. It didn't appear particularly hazardous. "You can go," he said.

They threw the end of the rope down into the crevasse, all eight of them hanging on, while Scott scaled down hand over hand to the bottom.

"I'm down," he called and they felt the weight go from the rope. "I'll have to do some digging to get it out."

As they waited to pull him up, the detonations above rolled in long crescendo, ending up with deafening crashes. A bolt of lightning bigger than a cable shot out like a vivid arm from cloud to ridge top—the ridge on the left and farthest away. There was another crash but this time it wasn't of thunder. At the impact of the lightning a rock as big as a house left a gap in the skyline of the cliff and leaped down a thousand feet. Up to this time the patrol had been safe but they were safe no longer.

The jar of those hundreds of tons of granite set moving the snow on the steep mountain side. They saw it start and they knew what it meant. The snow field, as has been said, not only sloped down but from left to right—from where the stone had fallen to where they stood. It would come—already it was coming—diagonally down and they would be in its path. It was beginning to gain momentum and a spray of snow dust rose from its surface. If they could have run then they could have got out of the way. But they had a duty to perform.

"Catch the rope," they shouted to Scott. "An avalanche! Catch the rope!"

As they spoke they jerked on the rope but it came up without weight. In their anxiety they had jerked it out of his hands before he had firm hold of it. They gave it length and let it back down again. But by now the rushing, roaring snowslide was practically upon them.

Terrible are the decisions demanded by peril, but brave men with only a second of time somehow choose when nothing is left but a choice of hazards. What would you have done? That rope with its weight of nearly a hundred and forty pounds could never be pulled out in time.

"Drop the rope and run!" came the sharp command from Professor Griffin. "Run—past the sled!"

He followed them with racing feet but held on to the end of the rope and went no further than its length. As he stopped there was a tug at it from the bottom of the crevasse.

"He still expects us to pull him out," thought the scoumaster, and that was his last thought before the flood of ice and snow engulfed him in its outer edge.

The boys, whose flight had saved them, came running up, white with terror.

"Professor Griffin?" they cried, fearing that he was dead.

"I'm all right, boys," he said, fighting his way out of the snow that nearly buried him. Just stunned a little—one hard piece of snow. The rest was loose. I still have the rope here. How's Scott?"

At the question there was one fear in the hearts of all. Where once had been the crevasse was a ridge of snow. Their comrade was buried fifty feet down under all this.

"Don't give up hope, boys," the scoutmaster urged. "If he was not injured and still has hold of the rope we can get him out."

They dug and distinterred the rope back to the original edge of the crevasse. Then they made a trial pull. The rope stuck but whether from the weight at the end or because of the great thickness of snow through which it went and which was congealing around it, they did not know.

"He may be stunned," said the guide. "Certainly he can't stay down there long without being smothered. We must work fast. We must dig down to him. We'll reach him by following the rope."

No time was lost. They pulled the toboggan apart and using the runners as shovels began to dig a well down through the new snow to the boy buried below.

At first they threw the snow out by armfuls but when they had descended over their heads they faced the serious problem of getting it out of the well.

"Sweaters," suggested one. "We can use them for buckets."

"Just the thing," they all agreed.

The necks and sleeves were tied with cords. They were filled and handed out until the well became too deep; then they were pulled out with the free length of the rope. Rapidly the boys dug. Never was a shaft sunk so quickly.

"Scott! Scott!" they shouted as loudly as they could through the thinning roof of snow. But there was no answer. They pulled on the rope. It gave. After the first frozen grip of the ice was loosened they might without difficulty have pulled it out. They knew now that no one had hold of it below.

"I fear the worst," admitted Professor Griffin. "But we must recover the body."

So on they dug, drawing up in rapid succession the sweaterfuls of snow, sinking deeper and deeper the shaft which they no longer dared hope would reach their entombed comrade in time.

Then the boys on the rim heard a call. "Listen," they said, "didn't you hear him?" They leaned attentively over the excavation, thinking the voice had come up from there. Those in the well also stopped and listened, but no voice came up to them from under the snow.

Was it their imagination? Were they hearing ghost voices? No, for the call was repeated, this time in plainly articulate words and unmuffled by any intervening wall of snow. "Here I am. Over here. I'm coming."

The boys on the rim looked in the direction of the farther ridge and saw Scott making his way towards them across the wide and disheveled trail of the snowslide.

"What are you doing?" he asked when he came up. "Digging my grave?"

"No," they replied. "We thought we were digging you out of your grave. How in the world did you get out?"

"The crevasse widened out at the bottom," he explained. 'At its floor it is forty or fifty feet wide, running back under each wall. This is what saved me. When I heard you yell "Avalanche!" I ducked under the shelter of the upper wall, still holding onto the end of the rope, for I didn't know what would happen to me. But

when the snow and ice poured in, it didn't hurt me at all. The fill widened some at the bottom as it was pressed down by its own weight from above but it didn't spread all the way to the back edge of the cavity. A little cave or tunnel was left, big enough for me to crawl in, and I want to tell you I lost no time in crawling. I yelled to you fellows that I was all right but I wasn't sure you'd hear me through all that snow. A good deal of the way it was so low I bumped my head against the ice above and couldn't go on all fours but had to slide along on my stomach like a snake. I lost all sense of direction, I guess. I thought I was heading for the nearer cliff, but it turned out to be the farther one, so I had to go under the whole width of the snowslide. I thought I never would get through crawling, but I finally came to where the crevasse was no longer filled with snow. I climbed out over the end of the fill to the top, and here I am and you see I've got the flag."

A detailed account of the rest of their journey to the top would be an account of toil and hardships, of weary climbing on the part of boys already worn out with fatigue and excitement, of delays and disappointments in the dark that overtook them and the heavy fog that encompassed them.

After the summit plateau of the mountain is reached, Shasta Peak, a craggy pinnacle about four hundred feet high, must still be scaled. At the base of this, only a few minutes before ten o'clock, they turned the pigeon loose and with the red fire on their backs began to climb, hoping to emerge from the fog in time to see the signal of the Panther Patrol. It was a slow ascent, for there in the dark a slip meant a sheer fall and almost certain destruction on the rocky talus below. At ten o'clock the thick and opaque vapor still enveloped them above and below and towards the Mt. Hood signal fire, whose 250-mile gleam was destined never to gladden their eyes. Sight of it was as completely shut off by the fog as if by a drawn window blind

They were forever bereft of the reward of that climb, but its duty might still be performed. So they continued to drag weary bodies yard by yard up the almost vertical wall of the pinnacle. At last the leader was greeted by the countless and gleaming stars overhead, and the clammy touch of vapor was lifted from his face. The last 30 feet of the spire, like a lonely tower on an off-shore reef, rose above a smooth-bosomed ocean of fog. They went on upward to the top, spread the red fire, touched a match to the cotton fuse, and unfurled the flag to the sudden burst of light.

But it was half past ten. They were a quarter of an hour late.

Would the light, coming so tardily, be of any avail? Or would the question of the roundness of the earth shutting off the view from one mountain to the other, remain a question still?

V

"They've failed to reach the top," declared a member of the Panther Patrol on top of Mt. Hood. "Let's go. We'll freeze if we stay here much longer."

"It's only twenty minutes past ten," replied Jess Wilson. "They may be late. Let's don't take any chances. I move we wait ten minutes more—till half past. Ten minutes isn't long."

But it seemed long, interminably long, to the group standing there with clattering teeth.

"Is it ten minutes yet?"

"No, only three minutes."

At last the slow-moving watch hand reached ten-thirty.

"No use to wait any longer. Let's go."

But before they had lifted their feet for the march, before their eyes had been turned from their southward gaze, a boy cried out: "I see it! Look, I see the light!"

The signal came to them unmistakably as they watched—came from Shasta two hundred and fifty miles away. They saw it like a faint flash of lightning reaching dimly above a distant horizon, like a phosphorescent glow in a forest trail, like the faraway lantern light must have looked to Columbus on first approaching the Western Isles.

Eugene, Oregon.

One Good Work

No pen of mine can ever tell,
No word of mine can ever say
How weak I was, how far I fell,
And blinder grew, yes, every day.
Hazy thoughts had I of heaven,
And thoughts of God were just the same.
I had prayed and tried and striven
But it was always the same.
Walking in the depths of darkness,
Down in the vales of deep dispair,
Groping sadly in my blindness:
But you came; you found me there.
You then shewed me paths of sunshine.
Paths along which gladness flows.
Clearing all my hazy visions,
All my doubts and all my woes:
May your life be long and happy,
Doing good where e'er you can.
May God always bless and help you
To be a "Mormon" and a man.

Hobart, Tasmania. ELSIE PARTON

My Day of Silence

The many times have I beheld each scene,
With deep emotions looked upon these vales;
Have onward gazed to where the mountains lean;
The past have weighed once more in trembling scales.
Aye, dwelt with love have I laughed in fond pride,
Or closed mine eyes, in anguish bowed my head;
Here, act nor word a happiness did hide,
Albeit, mine heart anon hath been as lead.
This hour, this day, a silence held these lips;
Mute have I been, nor held a speech with man;
Lost pain is sweet, remorse can sting as whips,
From changing years I with the moments ran:
This day in Silence life I've held in lease,
From Nature's Voice my heart hath found a peace!

ALFRED LAMBOURNE.

LANGUAGE OF WHITE INDIANS

By J. M. Sjodahl

Some time ago it was reported that an American explorer, Prof. R. O. Marsh, had discovered "white Indians" in the mountain fastnesses of Darien, in Panama. He even brought some children with him to Washington to prove his discovery. Some thought they were albinos, but Prof. Marsh himself did not accept that view. He is said to be in the country of the white Indians now, to pursue his studies and observations.

A linguist of the Smithsonian institution, Dr. John T. Harrington, and the chief translator of the post office department in Washington, R. P. Vogenitz, are studying the Tule language, spoken in the San Blas region, where the white Indians came from. Bancroft gives a meagre list of words in this language, but he remarks that Tule and some other names are new, "not found in the works of any of the older writers." The gentlemen mentioned have, therefore, a new, almost unexplored field before them.

The results so far obtained indicate the possibility of some new development in the study of the American prehistoric age; for it appears that a great many words in this Indian vernacular show a striking similarity to the languages of northern Europe. In an article in a recent number of *The Literary Digest,* an interesting list of such words and their counterparts in the Norse tongue is printed. They are taken from the Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin,* Washington. Here are some of them, with the addition of a few German equivalents:

Indian:	*Norse*:	*German*:	*English*:
arbaide	arbeide	arbeit	work
kale	kalde		call
patte	platte	platte	plate
parbatti	farvet	farbe	color
sage	sage	sagen	say
ulue	hyle	huelen	howl
witsi	vide	wissen	wit
ekise	eiska		ask
sine	svin	schwein	swine
tige	dige		ditch

There are other words that remind one of French, Spanish and also Hebrew. Their word for "American" is "Meriki," which may, or may not, have been borrowed from the Spanish. It is more probable that it is a native word adopted by the Spaniards, as are many other names, such as "Panama," "Darien" and others. Its form seems to be Indian analogous to "Chiriqui," also a geographical name, and it certainly occurs in Indian languages, in one form or another, all the way from the "Amerique" in Nicaragua to "Maracaibo" in Venezuela and

the "marca" which recurs frequently in geographic names in Peru. Another Tule Indian word "mani," for "money" may, of course, have come through English channels, but it may also be pure Hebrew, from "manah," to "count," to "number," and may have been known among the Indians as a term for such equivalents for money as they had, long before the arrival of the Europeans.

To some the supposed resemblance of words in the Tula language to words in European languages may appear improbable and unworthy of consideration, perhaps even as nothing but fake. But anyone who has given the subject serious attention will recognize the importance of every discovery that connects the American native races with the Old World, and that such connecting links are to be looked for in the languages, if anywhere.

As is well known, the Norse is one of the vast stock of languages, known as the Indo-European, and sometimes the Aryan, which comprises the Hindoo, Persian, Greek, Latin, Celtic, Teutonic, Slavonic and some other. Now the great question is, Do the Indians, or any of them, belong to this group of races, or do they form a division of mankind distinct and different from the rest? Some scientists of high standing maintain that this is the case. They tell us that the American natives grew upon this continent, just as Topsy "growed," without both father and mother. And when the similarity of languages is pointed out they dismiss the agreement on the ground that the resemblance is only accidental; or, if they are conscious of the weakness of this proposition, they argue that such resemblance only proves that the human mind in videly separated parts of the world runs in similar channels and arrives at similar results, under similar conditions. That is to say, if we find, for instance, that a certain combination of sounds in Sanskrit, Latin, Greek, Arabic, Spanish, etc., means "land" or "earth," then that proves affinity bewteen those languages and the people that spoke or speak them; and if we find many words common to the languages mentioned, that establishes such affinity beyond a doubt. But if we find the same word in the Aztec tongue meaning "land," that does not prove that the Aztec belongs to the same stock as the others; and if we find a hundred words unmistakably connecting some Indian languages with the Aryan or Indo-European, that proves no connection between them, only that the human mind operates along similar lines. Such is the "scientific" reasoning, which refutes itself.

Now, the fact is, that in Indian languages a great number of words are found that both in form and meaning indicate Old-world kinship.

Elu, the Lenape for the Deity is evidently the same as the "El," "Il," "Eloha," "Elohim" and "Allah" of the Semitic languages. It is found in many Indian dialects all over North and South America. *Jin-wis* (Lenape) is the Hebrew ish, or "man," the "w" being an article, indicating either "he" or "she" or "they."

Ini (Lenape; Hebr., *ana*) means "me," "I," or "my."

Lapan (Lenape) means "white," as does the Semitic *laban, lebanon, libna,* etc.

Aki (Lenape) means "land" and is akin to "acre," "aker," "ager," "acker," etc., in European languages, all meaning "field," "soil." In one of the Lenape accounts, the following occurs: "Thus the White Country [Lumon-aki], north of the Turtle Country, became the hunting country of the turtling true men" (Rafinesque.)

Angelatawiwak (Lenape) means "angels," and is identic with the Greek "angelos" plus the Lenape plural ending.

Turei (Haytian) for "heaven" is "T" "thou," "ur" (Heb. "or") "light," and "ei," "be." "Be thou light." The Hebrew, *jehi or,* "let there be light."

Di (Haytian) for "day" is evidently cognate to "dies" (Latin) and "day," 'dag" "tag" etc. of modern European languages.

In Haytian we have, further, "*bi*" for "life." Compare "bios" (Greek) in "biology," "biography," etc. "Ba," for habitation (Heb. "beth"); *baba,* "father," *mama,* "mother," and so on.

Palla (Peruvian or Quichua) for, a "lady of royal blood," considered of divine origin. Compare the Greek "pallas Athene," the title of that goddess.

Malqui (Quichua), a king, whether living or dead, but particularly a royal mummy; evidently akin to melech (Heb.) and mol-ik (Aryan), from which we have such words as "mola" (Latin) "myle" (Greek), "moella," "myhle," "mill," etc., and the "ik" or "inkh," to "move back and forth" so that a *melech,* a king, is, according to the meaning of the word, "one who makes the mill go;" that is, a provider, or a director of productive labor. The world is found in the Aztec *molictli,* the "elbow," which also is a "mill mover."

Cuna (Quichua) in "*mama-cuna*" for "matron," is one who performs the duties of a mother. Compare "gyne" (Greek) for woman, and "kone" (Danish) and "kona" (Swedish).

Mr. H. H. Bancroft, who favors the autochthonic theory of the origin of the Indians, gives a number of native words, which seem to resemble words from Old-world languages, but he maintains that this is merely accidental. But Mr. T. S. Denison, who has studied the subject more thoroughly, has shown, in a scholarly little work on "The Primitive Aryans of America," the real connection or relationship between the Nahuatl or Mexican and the Aryan group of languages. In concluding that work, he says: "For a time I hoped that I had discovered a very ancient language that might throw more light on the original speech of mankind, but finally it came to this, that I had simply added another tongue to the Aryan group." Mr. Denison also says, "Nahuatl is an Aryan language. Furthermore, it is closely related to Zend and Sanskrit, but nearer phonetically to the former. It is, in fact, older than either, and is, I think, closely akin to

the archaic Aryan dialects of Kafirisan." (*The Primitive Aryans of America*, p. 134.)

The full force of this comment, as regards the American race, can be understood, when we remember that scientists now are disposed to regard all the Indian languages and dialects, notwithstanding their diversities, as one family. What Mr. Denison observes regarding the Aztec, we must apply to the entire family group, of which this Mexican language is but one member.

If, then, the Indian languages are the relatives of all other Indo-European tongues, including those of northern Europe, it is to be expected, that in some words, they should have a family resemblance to those relatives. Abbe Brasseur de Bourbourg found in Central American languages traces of not only Norse words, but of Latin, Greek, English, French, etc., tongues, and this is but natural. The Norse and other similar words in the speech of the Panama Indians is, then, only a confirmation of the observations of early students. They do not necessarily prove that the vikings who followed Leif Ericson to the American shores extended their explorations and settlements as far as Darien, but they do prove that the Indians there, and the Norse, the Latin, and other races derived their languages originally from the same source.

Start Smiling

What's the use of always pining
  For the things you cannot get?
What's the use of sitting whining,
  Till your eyes with tears are wet?
Dry your eyes and cease your weeping.
  Through dim eyes the world looks blue,
And your tears may just be keeping
  The bright sunlight from your view.

I don't doubt you've had your trouble,
  Everyone must have his share;
Grieving only makes it double,
  Never helps one's woes to bear.
Better far to just start smiling.
  Smiles will chase the clouds away,
And our sorrows all beguiling
  Change the skies to blue from gray.

So, when you are filled with sadness,
  And you're cross and feeling blue,
And there seems to be no gladness
  Left in all the world for you—
Just you try the charm of singing,
  And I'm sure you'll find e'er long
All the joy bells will be ringing
  With the gladness of your song.

Phoenix, Arizona. ROBERTA FLAKE CLAYTON.

GREATER LOVE

By Georgia L. Pinkerton

Mona Belisle sat in a low chair on the shady porch busily embroidering an intricate B on the corner of a crisp, snowy napkin. As she sewed, she hummed a soft little song, breaking, unconsciously, now and then into its words. She made a pretty picture, with the sun flecks shining through the leaves, making a study of sunlight and shadow on her green dress and her wavy, brown hair. The light of dreams was in her eyes.

Donald Bruce crossed the lawn, unseen by the girl in the chair, his footsteps making no sound in the soft grass.

He stopped near her, silent adoration plainly visible on his good-looking face. But there was doubt there, also, and a little sadness; for, much as he loved this winsome miss who had promised to be his wife, he sometimes wondered if her religion meant as much to her as it did to him, and he knew that he had come to test her.

"My busy bee's at work as usual," he finally said; and that she was not greatly startled to find him there seemed to prove that he had been in her thoughts all the time.

As she waved him to a seat on the step she said, "Yes, something more for our House o' Dreams. And think, Donald, this is September. Three months more, and our dreams will come true."

She looked down at him to see the light of love that her pretty enthusiasm always brought, and then, for the first time she saw that something was troubling him.

"Why, Donald, what—" she began, but he interrupted her.

"Little girl, what if there can be no wedding in three months? What if our House o' Dreams must do without its queen for a while?"

Mona's eyes got big and frightened. "No wedding! Why! Don't you love me any more?"

"Love you!" he cried, beginning to rise. "You know I love you better than my life." He started toward her, but drew back a step and stood straight before her while he went on, "But there is something else. I—well, I've been called on a mission, I am to go almost at once. It will be better this way, for I shall be back sooner."

His words sounded stilted and cold, but his voice was pleading.

But Mona seemed not to hear the pleading tone.

"Going on a mission now? Before December? You don't want to mary me?"

"Marry you!" he echoed. "Why life with you has been for years the best and the greatest of all my dreams. But, Mona, don't you see that the dream must be delayed? I could never look anyone in the face again, if I refused to do this for my Church. And I

should be ashamed to ask God for another blessing, little girl, can't you see?"

But, Mona, staring past him, seemed not to hear his prayer. A cold, hard look was beginning to dawn on her face.

"But you could ask them to wait. A year would make no difference to them, and it would mean so much to us. Think of the House o' Dreams shut up and silent for so long. And Eileen and Helen and all the girls are married already, or are going to be, soon. Don't you think of me at all?"

"Yes, I have thought of you, more than of myself or anyone else," stated Donald in a steady voice. "But how would you like to marry a slacker? And that is what I should be if I refused to fight God's battles, just as surely as if I would not fight for my country. I don't want to be dramatic about it, but I can understand that thing about not loving you so well if I didn't love honor more. If I shirked, you couldn't love me, because I couldn't respect myself. No; I must go. But let me not go without your consent and an assurance of your love. With these it will be as much your mission as mine.

After this long speech, he waited, white-faced but determined. Mona sat without speaking. After a minute he took her hand; she withdrew it angrily.

"You may go," she said, "but not with my love nor my consent. The latter is no longer necessary, for we are no longer anything to each other. I know now how little your love for me is to you."

Rising, she darted into the house before he could protest. Alone in her room, she flung herself on her bed and sobbed wildly. But when the sobs ceased, and the last of the tears dried on her hot cheeks, there was no relenting in her heart—only self-pity and anger.

The days passed. Donald sent two letters, but Mona returned them, unopened. He called, but she refused to see him. She was careful to go no place where he might be. Yet she knew that preparations for his departure were being made. She was urged to attend a farewell party that the ward were giving for him. And then she heard that he was gone.

After his departure she tried to take up her old life, but everything seemed changed. The friends that she and Donald had in common treated her rather coldly, or she imagined that they did. When she was among them, there were frequent allusions to him and his work, and questions that she found it hard to answer; for, though they all guessed that all was not right between her and Donald she had never told them of her broken engagement.

To avoid this embarrassment she went more and more with another crowd. Their careless appearance, their rude behavior, sometimes were revolting to her refined and fell-bred nature. But she knew that this association would be greatly disapproved of by Donald, and she wanted to hurt him as she had been hurt. Then, too,

she thought that this behavior was proving to herself as well as to others that she did not care.

Only with Eileen Houston, her chum from little-girl days, was she her frank, old self. Eileen, with Robert Loring, was to have shared that Christmas wedding day. To her only did Mona sob out the whole miserable story. Eileen had almost allowed her love to overcome her sense of justice and her love for her Church, and had petted and comforted Mona as she would have done a child.

Then Eileen had a sorrow of her own to confide. She told Mona of her fears concerning Robert. They had for a foundation dissatisfied grumbling about his salary and unjust treatment by his employer, the unpleasant odor of cigarettes in his clothing, a broken engagement with her which he had explained so clumsily that she feared he had not told the truth, and once, at a dancing party, the unmistakable smell of whisky on his breath.

She was trying so hard, she told Mona, to make him see his mistakes. "Sometimes," she said, "he is ashamed and promises to do better, but at others, he is cross and acts as if he does not love me at all. Then I can only pray that God will help me to bring him back. And our wedding day only a month away."

And then, the day before the one they had expected to be so joyous, Mona was called to the 'phone. A voice which she recognized as Eileen's, though it was sob-choked, begged her to come to her.

Mona lost no time, and soon Mrs. Houston, distressed, but gentle as ever, was telling her to go to Eileen's room. There she found a grief-sticken little creature, convulsive sobs shaking her body: "O Mona! Robert," she cied. "He—"

"He isn't dead, is he?" gasped Mona.

"No, not dead," Eileen answered after she had become more calm. "But he stole from his employer. They arrested him. Maybe he will go to prison. I saw him, and he told me all about it. How he had got into a fast set and had learned to smoke and drink and gamble. How these had weakened him until, when he needed more money, he had stolen it. He doesn't blame the others, because, he says, he has had a Christian raising and had the Church to help him, while many of them grew up to the life they are leading. But, O, he sees now how wrong it all is, and he is going to take whatever punishment they give him, humbly, because he knows he deserves it. And when it is over, he is going to be the man he knows how to be. And I am going to wait for him. God heard my prayers after all, and this is one of the mysterious ways he has of performing his wonders."

And as if the telling of her sorrows and her hopes to her friend had lightened the first and enlarged the last, she lay quietly smiling and finally went to sleep.

As Mona sat by her friend's bed, she thought of what she said: "I am going to wait for him." How great must have been her love

and faith to have made that possible, in the midst of all the sorrow and disgrace.

Then she thought of her own love, and for the first time she became ashamed of her actions on that day three months before. She had been asked to wait, and she had refused, though the waiting would not have been one-tenth as hard as Eileen's. And what had happened? Her love had failed! Was it because it had been founded on selfishness and worldliness, rather than on unselfishness and trust in God?

Mona tiptoed out of the room, and leaving word with Mrs. Houston that she would be back later, she hurried home. There, she wrote a long letter.

What is said we can only guess, but a few days later, a young man in a far-away town read that very letter, and from the look of happiness and joy that came to his face we can scarcely doubt that it contained very good news, indeed.

"Well, you must have received word that you have fallen heir to a fortune," jokingly remarked his companion missionary who had just entered the room.

"I have," Donald laughed shakily, "a pearl of great price." He did not explain further, but his companion, who had known him for several weeks and who was a discerning young man, understood.

Red Mesa, Colorado

Adversity's Test

Be glad of the trials that come in your way,
Let them not fill your hearts with dismay;
For the strife of this life forms a ladder by which
We ascend to the heights we've been hoping to reach.

In this ladder we climb, every hardship's a round,
Which lifts us up farther away from the ground;
For we rise by the things that are under our feet,
That we've conquered with courage that knows no defeat.

Every conquest we make in our journey through life
Gives us strength to endure still more of the strife,
We grow in our strength by each battle we've won,
In the trials we meet, till life's race is run.

Consider the oak which stands all alone,
And weathers the elements till it is grown,
You will find it much stronger and tougher by far
Than the trees which never have known adversity's scar.

Then be glad and rejoice if your journey seems hard,
For each knock lifts you upward though your pathway is barred;
If you meet it with courage and strive with your might,
To be on God's side, and always do right.

Swedish Mission VANCE O. LIND

HOW I WAS CURED OF PURLOINING

By Glen Perrins

Mother always maintained I never really stole things when I was little, but she admitted rather reluctantly that my idea of what was my property, and what was my neighbor's was somewhat vague. I had a "taking way," so to speak. Many's the time my dear mother herself returned to the owners little "trinkets" or what not, I had "borrowed" and stored away in my "junk" box. In a safe corner in the woodshed I kept my treasure chest, all my own, and filled with things dear to the heart of a boy—rare rocks, pretty beads, bent nails, a hammer head or two, old tin cans, and other "valuables" of a miscellaneous nature.

Without doubt, this "picking-up" habit of my childhood days would characterize my maturer years, but for a certain experience I had when I was eight or nine years old.

One day father and mother and I were walking along the street on a quiet afternoon. We passed a fruit stand where luscious peaches, grapes, pears, etc., were temptingly displayed. I looked longingly at them and fell unnoticed a little behind my parents. A certain box held my eyes—a crate of red plums. I could not resist. The decision came quickly, and as quickly I reached out a small hand and clutched one of the largest and ripest of the lot. I hurried on and overtook father and mother. The fruit dealer had not seen me and my parents had not missed me, so I "fell in" just as if nothing had happened.

We had gone a block when I essayed to eat my plum. In the act of putting it to my mouth and before I had sunk my teeth in the delicious morsel, father saw me.

My face registered guilt and never shall I forget the look on father as he demanded to know how I had come into possession of my plum.

"The store down the street had a lot—" I began timorously and half coaxingly. "They won't ever miss—"

But he interrupted my explanation.

"It is about time, young man, that you should be taught not to steal. Do you know what happens to boys when they grow up if they keep on stealing?"

He said "steal" and "stealing" bluntly, and it shocked me into full realization.

"They are put in jail, I suppose," I whimpered; "but—but, would they put a feller in jail just for takin' a plum?"

"For stealing a plum," he corrected me. "Maybe not; but if

you steal little things now, you will steal big things as you grow older, and you will be a thief."

There was a pause, during which father looked at me, and I looked at him. The suspense was terrible. Finally he said: "I should not like to see you arrested, and I can't punish you here on the street. What do you think I should do to break you of your bad habit?"

"I could take the plum back," I replied, "and nobody—"

"That's just what I was thinking," interrupted father, "and when you take it back, tell the store keeper you 'stole' the fruit and that you're sorry."

"He might put me in jail an' then I couldn't see mama, and then—then—" I broke down.

But father was firm; his command was immutable, and back I had to go to the fruit stand with my stolen plum. On the way I saw a policeman; I thought he had come to arrest me, and my heart was in my throat as I ran past. I ran into an old gentleman and tripped over a stylish woman's poodle dog, and as they protested against my precipitate course I imagined they were calling, "Thief! thief!"

I was all a-breath when I reached the fruit stand. The fruiterer was not expecting me at all—in fact, he seemed surprised when I thrust the plum at him with the confession that I had stolen it, and that I was a thief and would he please not put me in jail.

I managed to stammer that father had sent me back, and the look that came to his eyes, I know now was one of keen comprehension, but to my boyish conception I thought that with great difficulty, and due only to his over-weening sympathy, he was restraining a righteous desire to call a policeman.

I was cured of purloining.

Moroni

Sound your trump, Moroni,
  Sound it loud and long,
Till you wrest attention
  From the hurrying throng;
Proudly tell your story,
  Why in shining gold
You stand on the capstone
  Of an Eminence so bold.

Tell them how you wandered
  In ages long since past,
O'er mountain, plain and river,
  And dared the desert's blast,
To place a sacred record
  In a heaven appointed tomb,
Until the Lord should send you
  To take it from the gloom,
And give it to another,
  Who by gift from the Great Head,
Should read the hidden secrets
  Of the land the Indians tread;
Of their wars, their wild dissensions,
  How through wickedness they fell
From communion with Jehovah
  To a fate too sad to tell.

O tell the world, Moroni,
  The record is for them;
The mysteries of a continent
  Is now revealed to men;
Yea, the mysteries of Godliness
  Within it they may find;
The way of love and happiness
  Is found for all mankind.

RUTH MAY FOX.

"BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS"

By Harold H. Jenson

A missionary may never know what good will spring from his labors, or when they will bear fruit. This true story is told in order that missionaries may ever be encouraged. After all, it is the missionary who gains the most from his efforts, for his work lives after him. Their "bread cast upon the waters," using a Biblical expression, often results in great good.

Five years ago, a missionary, arriving in London, on a cold foggy night, lost his way at the Seven Sisters' corner, near "Deseret," the mission headquarters. Anyone acquainted with a London fog can appreciate his predicament. He asked several passers by the direction to go, but the reply invariably came, "Ask a Bobby." Where to find an English policeman in such a mist was indeed a question. At last a ragged little urchin of the streets, dirty of face, with shoes worn to the ground, and smoking a "fag" happened to bump into the tall stranger. "Hey, mister, why don't ye look where ye be goin?" piped the small, forlorn figure. His face, however, soon changed to a smile, when the little fellow recognized an American. "Beg pardon, mister, I see ye be a stranger, can't I help ye?" This was the first kind word or pleasant answer received to an unasked question read upon his face.

"Where is 152 High Road, or the 'Mormon' headquarters?"

"O, them blokes that keeps all them wives, I'll show ye where they be." So saying, he took the "Yank's" hand and together they made their way through the fog to mission headquarters.

At the door the youngster hesitated, "Can't you come in for a moment?" asked the stranger.

"Not 'till I sell these," came the reply.

"I'll buy them, then let's have a good talk."

Coupling deeds with words they went in. As it happened, a Mutual Improvement Association meeting was just beginning. Introducing himself, the stranger found a warm welcome from fellow missionaries. The little tad of the streets was, however, a curiosity and followed doggedly at the heels of the Utahn. He had never before seen so many shake hands, and when told to kindly leave his "fag" outside, he promptly did so.

Then questions followed, for the two went upstairs and had a good heart-to-heart talk. The lad of the streets admitted he had parents. They cared little for him, he said, and only for the money he could give them to buy liquor with. He seemed not to have a friend in the world. At parting the missionary asked the boy to come back next Tuesday with his friends, if he had any. He thought that was the last he would ever see of the little fellow.

Next Tuesday came. Mutual had begun. Singing was under

way. A noise was heard at the door. It burst open and about twenty of the raggedest, dirtiest little urchins came rushing in, all smoking "fags." They greeted with lusty outbursts the doorkeeper and crowding past the missionary at the entrance, made their way up the aisle. Their leader recognized his lost stranger of the fog, and greeted him. Seeing the little fellows seemed lost, themselves, and not knowing what to do, he went down and, after handshaking, persuaded them to sit down, which they did. They sat through the service, watching with apparent interest everything that went on. After adjournment to classes the president put them in a back room. He told the elder that if they kept still they could stay. The missionary, with the help of his newly found partner and convert, a one-legged soldier, whom he had incidentally met on top of a London bus, one Sunday morning, herded them into the room. The topics for discussion were cleanliness, and baseball. The latter immensely interested the street gang who promised to come Saturday to learn the game. They came, and also came next Tuesday, with more of the gang. This time they quietly entered and with their hands cleaned off the dirt from their faces. They kept coming for nearly a month. Each Saturday, or after Mutual, the crowd would race through the streets. The street boys wondered why they could never beat the "Mormon" Scout boys in foot races, especially in the fifty pace walk and run style. They learned it was their cigaret smoking, and many tried to quit. Some had already stunted their bodies by the use of tobacco for there were boys there over sixteen who looked but twelve.

Unfortunately, at least for the boys, the elder was transferred to another conference. As the little tads always made a lot of noise in meetings and insisted on chewing gum, other missionaries, including the conference president, came to think their absence better than their presence, and lost interest in them, and so some of them drifted away, although many of their big brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers came to meeting now and then out of curiosity.

Five years elapsed, the convert of the missionary, who had joined the Church chiefly because he hungered for friendship and found it, sent the following letter under recent date:

"I feel stronger in the gospel now than I ever did. You remember the boys you took off the streets. Well, it was reckoned you had undertaken an impossible task, for they were all rough. Well, some went away and never returned. Two weeks ago I went into "Deseret" and saw three soldiers there. They greeted me with 'How do, Burt.' They told me they were three boys that Elder —— brought to meetings. Then I knew them. After a long gospel talk they told me your teachings had stopped them from doing things they might otherwise have done. With God's help I am going to try and carry on where you left me off."

TILL THE VICTORY'S WON

Music by Brigham Cecil Gates

1. Ral - ly a-round the standard, Gather 'round it with a vim;
2. True men all hate a quit-ter; Courage helps in an - y race, Our

Zi - on's men are marching With a lead - er that will win.
mot - to, faith and vir - tue, Truth maintains us in our place.

We will need all our soldiers, With each u - nit kept in line, Are you
We're not a-fraid of e - vil, As we all go marching on; For our

Rit.

marching with us, fellows? Are you keeping step and time, and time?
Sav - ior is our Cap-tain, So we sing our bat-tle song, our song.

CHORUS. a tempo. Marcato.

Marching onward ev-er onward, Marching onward, ev-er on,

March with our colors flying, Keep your fac - es to the foe;
Marching on-ward ev-er onward, Marching onward, ev-er on,

March on your way, With a smile every day, As on we ev-er go,
ev-er go,

Marching onward ever onward, Onward till the battle's done.

Fight for the right never ceasing, Till the day when the battle's done, With a-
Marching onward ever onward, Onward till the battle's done.

Marcato e poco rall. *a tempo.*

far the day star shin - ing Till the vic - try's won. won.

Al - ways fight for the right, We will fight for the right, the right. Till the

vic - t'ry's won, Till the vic - - t'ry's won. (vict'ry's won.)

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This piece of music is one of two pieces that will be sung by the ensemble of the male choruses of the stakes in the musical contest at the Jubilee, June 6-10, 1925 in Salt Lake City. The number to be contested is "Good Night," by Targett. The above piece, and Park's, "I'd Like to go Down South Once More," will be sung by all the contestants. For Musical and Literary contests at the M. I. A. Jubilee, see "Mutual Work," this number of the *Era.*

PROPHECY AND HISTORY

A Study for the Advanced Senior Class M. I. A., 1924-25

Prophecy—The Book of Mormon

Lesson XXII—Prophecies and Promises to the American Indian

Special References for Class Study

II Nephi 10:18, 19; II Nephi 30:3, 4, 5, 6; Mormon 5:19; III Nephi 20:14; Ether 13:8, 10.

Questions and Problems

1. Discuss prophecy, (a) as a means the Lord uses to let man know that he lives and knows more than man does and that he is interested in man; (b) as a warning against sin and an encouragement towards righteousness; (c) as a means of escaping calamity.
2. Why is the prophecy recorded in II Nephi 30 of great importance to the Indians?
3. Who made the promise in III Nephi 2:14, and under whose instructions did he make it?
4. Wherein is the promise made in II Nephi 30:2 covered by the one recorded in Mormon 5:19?
5. Who are to be the builders of the city spoken of in Ether 13:8, 10?

Lesson XXIII—Prophecies and Promises to the United States as a Nation

Special References for Class Study

I Nephi 13:30; I Nephi 14:6; II Nephi 10:10, 11, 12; III Nephi 20:15-20; Ether 13:7-12.

Questions and Problems

1. Discuss prophecy, (a) What it is, (b) The two kinds of prophecy —the conditional and the unconditional.
2. Give illustrations of an unconditional prophecy made concerning the United States Republic.
3. Read or quote what you consider to be the greatest conditional prediction made concerning the United States of America.
4. Prove from Book of Mormon prophecy that the Lord has had a hand in the building of the United States Republic.
5. According to Book of Mormon prophecies and promises, what are the conditions upon which the perpetuity of the United States as a nation may survive?

Lesson XXIV—Prophecies and Promises to the Latter-day Saints

Special References for Class Study

II Nephi 3:11; II Nephi 10:13, 16; II Nephi 28:21, 22; III Nephi 21:4, 5, 6, 8; Ether 13:8, 10.

Questions and Problems

1. Discuss prophecy and promise, (a) As one of the guiding lights to the Church, (b) As a source of comfort to the members.

2. In the light of II Nephi 3:11, discuss this problem: Every missionary to the Indian becomes a factor in the destiny of the "Remnant" and a fellow missionary of the Prophept Joseph.

3. Give illustrations of the fulfilment of II Nephi 10:13, 16.

4. What does the prophecy recorded in II Nephi 28:21 mean to you? Illustrate.

5. Discuss the proposition: Both the Latter-day Saints and the Indians are of the seed of Joseph and will fulfil jointly, Ether 13:8, 10.

6. Name in historical order ten Book of Mormon prophets.

American Indian Traditions

These indicate that their progenitors were Israelites: An article by Dr. George Rogers, in *The Mentor* magazine of March, 1924, tells of his visit to a Navajo Indian village, in New Mexico, where he found an aged medicine man named Klah, who was induced to relate some traditions of his forefathers. Klah's statements were interpreted for Mr. Rogers by a trader who acompanied him to Klah's tepee, and some of them appear in Mr. R.'s articles, as follows:

Klah is one of the chief medicine men of the tribe. The old men of the Navajos respect Klah's judgment. He is a personage. Klah calls his god "Ya". Phonetically, this suggests the name of the God of the Hebrews, which would be written Ya-weh in a phonetic transcription. The story Klah tells of the origin of the Navajos is nearly identical with the story of the creation as it appears in Genesis. The Jew has looked upon himself for centuries as the chosen among God's people, and, curously enough, the Navajos' name for themselves in *dine,* which means "the people."

Whether or not the story Klah tells is a myth, it is a very good story and worthy to be heard. One does not expect to find a story that parallels Genesis, coming out of the New Mexico desert. But when the story is laid over against the actual geological facts it becomes something to think about. There is little doubt that this part of the continent is one of the oldest sections of the world. * * *

When Klah, the medicine man, stood beside his primitive loom and told the story of the coming of the Navajo, paraphrasing the Book of Genesis, both in word and action, it was not hard to feel, under the spell of his oratory, that it might have been here that the world began. * * *

Before ever man was, said Klah, there was the great god, Ya. All the earth, even the hills, were void and covered with water. There was nothing but water and space. Then Ya put forth his hand, and the land came up out of the water. Again Ya put forth his hand, and the sun and moon and stars were made to appear in the sky. Out of the earth came all life, following four great roads. Then in his own likeness Ya created man, and for man he created woman. These, said Klah, were the first people, the Navajos. Ya caused the squash, corn, beans and tobacco to grow. The Navajos lived then in a place like a garden beside a river and a great sea. There was only happiness among them until the evil spirit came.

Here Klah waxed too eloquent for the trader to follow, and much of the story was lost. But in the end one gathered that Ya triumphed over the evil spirit and caused him to be cast into the depths beneath the earth.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace and bring glad tidings of good things."—Romans 10:15.

Forty Baptisms in Arkansas

The results accomplished in the year 1924, in this conference, indicate and give evidence that the work of the Lord is progressing and that the elders and Saints have been zealous in the performance of their duties. A considerable decline in the prejudice is noticeable among the majority of the people. Yet indifference is our biggest handicap. During the past year thousands have been introduced to the teachings of "Mormonism" and forty souls have accepted the truth through baptism. The elders have traversed the whole state in their efforts and many successful meetings were held, and many have expressed themselves very favorably towards our teachings. Elder R. D. Iverson and C. W. Bunker recently met a couple of young men who had attended the National Summer School, at Logan, and who were deeply impressed with the external effect of our people. One remarked,

Elders top, left to right: E. H. Anderson, Huntington; R. D. Iverson, Salt Lake, conference president; Jas. A. Davis, Ogden; Middle: S. L. Gillette, Tooele, Ut.; V. J. Holmes, Montpelier, Ida.; Bottom: O. W. Bunker, Delta; O Gubler, La Verkin, Ut., and W. W. Potter, Mesquit, Nev.

"I care not what people say about the 'Mormon' Church, what impresses me is that it works." Our doctrines demanding the respect and attention of the people and at the same time the strength of our position is being felt

more keenly than at any other time. The missionaries are in splendid health, both physically and spiritually, and are united in their determination to carry on the work of the Lord to the best of their ability. The *Era* is a potent agent in the spreading of the gospel in this state, and we wish it continual success. The elders of this conference extend their greetings to all co-laborers in the work of the Lord throughout the world.

One Hundred-three Baptisms in Leipzig

Vernon M. Rhodes, conference president of Leipzig, Germany, states that their conference on the 30th of November, witnessed a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit. "The year 1924 has indeed rewarded the efforts of the Saints and missionaries, there having been 103 baptisms. Among those who were not too old to make a covenant with the Lord is a man 74 and a lady 83 years of age. We are working together in love and harmony for the furthering of the world's greatest message. All our problems are solved by two words, humility and work. The Lord takes care of the rest. The year 1925 began with a baptism in every branch of the conference during January. We are all very thankful for the source of good thoughts which comes to us every month from between the covers of the *Era*. The picture enclosed was taken after a two days' spiritual feast and before one of the best thanksgiving dinners ever cooked on foreign soil, thanks to the good sisters who prepared it."

Missionaries standing, left to right: Karl Sachs, Frankfurt, Germany; Hans Sust, Berlin, Germany; Vernard L. Beckstrand, conference secretary, Shelley, Idaho; Leslie R. Matheson, David O. Thurman, Salt Lake City; Duwayne L. Anderson, Pleasant Grove; Erhard M. Neubert, Wellington, Utah. Sitting: Milton B. Leishman, Baker, Oregon; Albert A. Quellmalz, Salt Lake City; Mission President Fred Tadje; Roland B. Smith, president Dresden conference, Clearfield; Vernon M. Rhodes, president Leipzig conference, Garland, Utah.

A Word from Switzerland

Something over a year ago a new star appeared in the mission firmament. Or more correctly, an old star was given a new burst of light when the French mission was reorganized, after nearly ten years of dissolution. The unique feature of the mission is that it has two distinct fields of activity: one in the war-weakened Belgium, and the other in the peaceful environs of Switzerland. There are branches in Lille and Lyon, of France proper, but as yet they are incorporated in the Belgian and Swiss conferences, respectively. The branch in Lyon having been in existence only since last December. Scattered here and there in the scenically-glorified villages and cities of French speaking Switzerland, one can find 210 members of the Church, 22 of whom have been baptized within the past year. Some of them have been listening to sermons and discussions of the gospel for

Swiss conference, French mission, Dec. 31, 1924: Front row, left to right: Otto R. Fife, conference president; Clifton F. Hansen; Gordon M. Romney, mission secretary; Alton P. Wangsgard; Grant J. Wright, released conference president. Second row: Weldon Taggart; Wesley Hiltbrand; Milton Christensen; Joseph Ballif; Odell Barnson; Thomas Cardon. Back row: Paul Miller; Henry West; Kenneth Farr; Preston Robinson; Verle Fry.

thirty or forty years, since the first misionaries were sent into the French-speaking territory. Their knowledge of the teachings of the Church, gleaned from the opinions and studies of many missionaries, would astonish no small number of the brethren in Zion who have been somewhat sluggish in their study of Church works. Picture yourself opening your heart and your home to missionaries from a foreign land, making their needs your needs and their hunger your hunger, then perhaps you will appreciate the conditions which make our foreign brethren so devoutly appreciative of the gospel and always anxious to learn more of its beauties. People of Switzerland are, as a rule, courteous and attentive, but rather skeptical as to the importance of our message. For ages they have worshiped God

according to the dictates of their pastors, within the heavy stone walls of massive old cathedrals, some of which date back to the period of Catholic supremacy. They were built by Catholics but seized and rebuilt by the Protestants immediately following the Renaissance. So thoroughly have they absorbed the spirit of the present Protestant regime that their most frequent response to the advances of the missionary is that they have their Bible and their Church; anything more is superfluous. This is another prophecy of the Book of Mormon being fulfilled. The widely-known Alps, the beautiful mountain lakes and such phenomena of nature as pine and bamboo trees growing side by side serve to enhance the joy derived from the missionary work. At present, the mission force is largely composed of young men in the mission field, but blessed with the characteristics of faith, humility and diligence, which spell success in any line of endeavor. I am sure that the labors of the men in the Swiss conference during the years to come will be blessed with a rich harvest of souls snatched from the darkness of ignorance.—*Verle N. Fry.*

Big Sale of Books

From the elders of the North Carolina conference, Southern States mission, we receive word that they had a record of 439 Books of Mormon sold, for one month, besides many other books and tracts distributed.

The missionaries of this conference are as follows, 1st row, left to right: I. Owen Rogers, Miles B. Lund, Benjamin F. Merrill, Carl W. Slater, Stanley K. Larson. 2nd row: Asahel D. Woodruff, George K. Karren, Marcus R. Wilde, Reed D. Nielson, Guy A. Brown. 3rd row: T. Joseph Steed, Joseph E. Geertsen, former conference president; Charles A. Callis, mission president; Asa J. Merrill, conference president; Noah W. Arrington. 4th row: H. L. Sanders, local elder; J. Lamar Foremaster; Darrel G. Proctor; Clifford A. Coon; Walter C. Barney, J. Orlando Jolley.

Four Baptized in Brussels, Belgium

"On this, the last day of the year, 1924, we take great pleasure in sending greetings from Belgium to all Church workers. With joy we contemplate the progress made in this branch in the past few months. In this capital city of the Belgian kingdom, the work of spreading the truth has just been reopened, having been closed of necessity during the World War and subsequent disturbances. On November 29 the first branch conference for over ten years was held with 58 persons in attendance, 29 of whom were friends. We have baptized four recently and have several more preparing for the ordinance. We enjoy the faith-promoting articles in the *Era* and pray our Father's choicest blessings on our co-workers throughout the world."—*Elder C. Vernon Coggle.*

Elders left to right: Alonzo P. Kesler and C. Vernon Coggle

One Hundred Fifty Baptized in Denver

Geo. S. Daines, president of the Denver conference, Western States mission: The work of the Lord is progressing in this conference. The lady missionaries for the past three months have been conducting three weekly neighborhood primaries, at which as high as thirty-five children, with an average of about twenty, were in attendance. The majority are children of investigators. Much good is being accomplished through this organization. The average number laboring, in this conference during the past year, were eight elders and seven lady missionaries, and we have been privileged to baptize 150 people. We have held 1,022 cottage meetings, have called at the homes of thousands of people, distributing, among other literature, 525 Books of Mormon, besides many other standard works. Our recent conference, held Dec. 12-15, was eminently successful and the Spirit of the Lord was manifest in rich abundance. The missionaries in their addresses displayed evidence of careful preparation, and many principles of the gospel were treated in an inspiring, convincing manner. The spirit of humility and dependence upon the Lord was the keynote of the success of all. The powerful testimonies borne by President John M. Knight and wife gave strength and were an inspiration to all. The most inspiring sermon was given Sunday morning to a crowded house, by President Knight, his theme being "The Divinity of Christ." The audience went away with no uncertain ideas regarding the life and mission of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. The music during the first three sessions of the conference was furnished by the missionaries, under the direction of Elder Wm. A. Strong, with Sister Venola Ohlwiler presiding at the pipe organ.—*Clare Middlemiss,* Mission Stenographer.

Assignments in the Denver conference: Elders Milton Bodell and Vestus A. Mahoney to Greeley, Colo.; Elders Raymond Holbrook and Joseph L. Orr to Fort Collins, Colo.; Elders E. Reed Shields and L. Lloyd Carter, Denver, Colo.; Elders Joseph M. Jensen and Alma Winters to the Pueblo conference; Elders Ralph F. Giles and Myron R. Moyle, East Nebraska conference; Elders Richard E. Gardner and Chas. M. Wentz, San Luis conferences.

MISSIONARIES OF THE DENVER CONFERENCE, WESTERN STATES MISSION

Left to right, front row: Ralph Giles, Charles M. Wentz, Alma Winters, Richard E. Gardner, Lyman L. Carter. Second row: Victor Watkins, Ray H. Gibson, mission secretary; Jennie Randall, mission recorder; George S. Daines, conference president; Florence R. Knight, president mission Relief Societies; John M. Knight, mission president; Clarabel Middlemiss, mission stenographer, Wm. A. Strong, mission bookkeeper, Minnie Knight, Raymond B. Holbrook. Third row: Milton Bodell, Grace Jones, Annie D. Hunt, Lillie May Hunt, Pueblo conference, Venola Ohlwiler, Felecia Heggie, Virginia Nielson, Veda L. Bertoch, Pueblo conference, Alma Coombs, Flora Brasher. Vestus Mahoney. Back row: John L. Montgomery, released from East Nebraska conference; Myron R. Moyle; Edward G. Matheson, Junius L. Crowther, Pueblo conference; E. Reed Shields, A. Bardell Larson, Pueblo conference, F. Orlin May, J. Maurice Jensen, Joseph L. Orr.

Cologne on the Rhine, "The Cathedral City"

Nearly under the shadows of the third largest cathedral in the world (Catholic), the Latter-day Saints assemble to worship the Lord in that same spirit that is so marked in all the branches of the German mission. And although this city is the stronghold of the Roman Catholic church in Germany, the work of the Lord is pushing forward; there having been twenty-six baptisms performed in the pas year. We have also been privileged in securing a school-auditorium in Kalk, a suburb, where regular meetings are being held. There seems to be a growing tendency of the people not to be satisfied with thei "old beliefs" and many opportunities for the gospel message to be received, is thus afforded. We appreciate the *Era*, and feel that it is a welding link between the home and mission events and the missionaries. "The Cologne cathedral is the chief landmark of the whole Rhine district. The huge "Kaiserbell" which was taken from its towers during the war to make ammunition, has just recently been replaced with elaborate ceremonies, in course of which the bell was blessed and dedicated with oil, and kissed by the cardinal and a host of pastors."

Elders left to right: Aaron C. Taylor, Salt Lake City; Bertie W. Winward, Whitney, Idaho; Rulon S. Howells, branch pres., Salt Lake City.

From Leipzig, Germany

In a cottage meeting recently held in this branch, attended by a number of so-called "Bible students," the questions of "spiritual gifts" arose. After having discussed this theme for some length of time, we found that these "students," who in the beginning of our discussion impressed upon our minds their firm belief in the Bible, finally denounced the necessity of "spiritual gifts." Although unable to convince them that these gifts should be found in the true Church, we firmly believe and know that they accom-

Elders left to right: E. M. Neubert, branch pres., Wellington; D. L. Anderson, S. S. supt., Pleasant Grove, Utah; V. L. Beckstrand, con. sec., Shelley, Idaho.

pany the Priesthood in this day. We have been personal witnesses of several cases where those, having faith in God, were marvelously raised from their sick-beds. Having seen these things, we are able to testify with a certainty, which oftimes cannot be understood by the people of the world, that these gifts should be and are in the true Church of God. We enjoy the spirit of the Lord continually in our meetings here. Conditions in this branch warrant satisfaction and great joy. We are very much indebted to the *Era* for its help to us in keeping up the good work in this part of the Lord's vineyard, and we look forward anxiously each month for its appearance.—*Duwayne L. Anderson.*

Word from Belfast, Ireland

George A. Baker, conference clerk, Belfast, Ireland, reports the work progressing favorably in northern Ireland. "The people here, however, are very prejudiced against our Church because of the scurrilous stories circulated against us. We are endeavoring to break down these walls of prejudice, and thus far have met with much success in this attempt. Our meetings are well attended and the number of investigators for January were considerably increased. We appreciate the *Era* and eagerly look forward for each issue."

Missionaries: Ernest C. Moore, Preston, Idaho, president Belfast branch; Robert Souter, Provo, superintendent Sunday schools of the conference; front row: Russell C. Copener, Riverside, Utah, president of the Ulster conference; and George A. Baker, Huntington Park, California, conference clerk.

Saints Active in Norwich, England

James D. Moyle, writing from Lowestoft, England, Norwich conference, reports new life given to the missionary work there by a recent visit of President James E. Talmage. The results both to the elders and the Saints were gratifying. He addressed two large audiences during the short visit, impressing many with the gospel message. "We are working very hard to secure better places of worship at this time to gain added prestige in this section. The Saints are active and are helping the few elders in this conference."

Elders laboring in the Norwich conference: left to right, standing: Rulon L. Russon, Lehi; Harold L. White, Salt Lake City; Maurice R. Barnes, Kaysville, Utah; Clifford D. Gough, Raymond, Alberta, Canada. Sitting: Ben. E. Summers, Ririe, Idaho; James D. Moyle, conference president, Salt Lake City; James E Talmage, president of the European missions; Walter F. Whitehead, clerk, Provo: Selvoy J. Boyer, Springville, Utah.

Mission Work in California

The regular semi-annual missionary conference of the Long Beach conference, held at Huntington Beach, California, Jan. 16-18, was the last of a series of conferences recently conducted throughout the California mission. President Joseph W. McMurrin, President Margaret K. Miller of the Relief Societies, President Elsie Hogan of the Y.L.M.I.A., and Primary organizations, and Supt. Joseph G. Jeppson of the Sunday School and Y.M.M.I.A. organizations, of the mission officers, were in attendance. Auxiliary meetings were conducted in the various branches of the mission and in twelve of them Supt. Jeppson and Sister Hogan gave the illustrated lecture on temples and temple work to approximately fifteen hundred people in all, many of whom were non-members of the Church. The meetings in general were unusually well attended and a united and harmonious spirit reigned supreme throughout. The Saints in the various districts are very loyal to their faith and are aiding the missionary work very materially

by bringing their neighbors and friends, most of whom are non-members, out to church with them. There are at present nine conferences and thirty-nine branches in the California mission all of which are effectively organized and functioning properly. Reports for 1924 show a decided increase over 1923 in practically every phase of missionary work, the results being equal. The Book of Mormon selling contest held during six months of 1924 not only increased enormously the sales of the good book but greatly increased the number of earnest investigators and accelerated the missionary cause in general. President J. Frank Robison, of the Arizona conference, who was the winner of the contest in six months, disposed of 229 Books of Mormon, his highest for any one month being 119. Sister Constance Peterson, of the Los Angeles conference, winner among the sisters, disposed of 95 in six months, her highest for one month being 28. In all there were 3,385 Books of Mormon disposed of in six months.

Besides the powerful and inspirational discourses given by President Joseph W. McMurrin from time to time the Saints and missionaries of Los Angeles and near by points have been privileged to listen to our beloved President Heber J. Grant, Elder Melvin J. Ballard, of the Council of the Twelve, and President Emeritus George H. Brimhall of the Brigham Young University, who have had occasion to visit us in the recent past. These visits are greatly appreciated for they are responsible for the renewing of many testimonies, as well as giving many testimonies to those who are investigating the truth, as a result of the diligent efforts of the missionaries.—*Lavin C. Miles,* Mission Reporter.

Los Angeles Conference, back row, left to right: A. W. Bradshaw, Willis E. Dutson, Noel A. Fuller, J. E. Crook, Louis S. Iverson, William R. Scott, Fresno conference; Elsie Hogan, president of Mission Y. L. M. I. A. and Primaries; George E. Harris, A. L. S. Oklebury, Milton W. West, Ferdinand Hansen, Arnold C. Brems, Leland Burnham, Fresno conference; L. A. Perry, Charles Higgs. Middle row: Joseph G. Jeppson, superintendent of Sunday schools and Y. M. M. I. A.; Anna B. Quist, Sarah Cornick, Frank Brown, president of Los Angeles conference; Margaret K. Miller, president of Mission Relief Societies; Joseph W. McMurrin, mission president; Charlotte Stahr, vice-president of Mission Relief Societies; Laura I. Astle, mission corresponding secretary; Tira Butterfield; Thelma Taylor, Verene Adams. Front row: Reed S. Gardner, mission secretary; Louis E. Rowe, C. L. Memmott, Editor of the *Calimis;* Mark C. Black, Lorin C. Miles, Lelland R. Wright.

Sunday School Organized in Louisiana

Rulon J. Carroll, writing from Louisiana conference, reports 88 baptisms performed during the year 1924, as compared with 52 for 1923. The people in that district are of a religious nature, but it is difficult to get them to investigate the gospel, since many consider the "Mormons" of bad repute, and are prejudiced, which prejudice, however, is being broken down more and more. One cause for this is the visits of the tourists who observe conditions and the lives of the people, and their reports are doing much to change the minds of the people here. Most of our missionary work is confined to the country, summer and winter. We are handicapped by not having the privilege of meeting in churches or schools to hold our meetings. We have many investigators and need more elders. A Sunday School was recently organized in New Orleans, which city has a population of about 380,000 people. This is the first Sunday School organized in that city by us and will be a great help to the missionary work.

New Orleans L. D. S. Sunday school, left to right, back row: Newton Ficklin, local elder; Herbert Lochtee, Missouri; William Ficklin; G. C. Jacobs; D. T. Berrett; Mrs. S. S. Beaty, Missouri; K. N. Durrant; Bessie Powell, Missouri; Dr. L. J. Stookey; C. H. Davis. Front row: Major H. S. Bennion; Mrs. Birdie Lochtree, Missouri; Myrtle Raffey; Ernestine Chambers; Mrs. Marion Bennion; and Mrs. L. Stookey.

Sympathy

Make your sympathy count for more than mere words.

Well do I remember when I was a girl, Mother was very sick with pneumonia. There was a tiny baby besides the work of keeping a big family. Many people came to see how Mother was and to sympathize, but left with just saying, "Now if there is anything we can do, just let us know." I was still left with the baby to care for, washing, ironing, and all the work, together with helping Father care for Mother.

Then one day Mary H. came, and as she took off her coat and cap and donned an apron she said: "Now I am sorry for you folks and I want to help. Where shall I start in?"

Well, she got supper and then next day did the washing and ironing, and cleaned up the house. I shall never forget how much I appreciated that kind of sympathy—LUCY G. BLOOMFIELD, *Toadlena, New Mexico.*

Editors' Table

Faith in God an Impetus to Righteous Living

The first principles of the doctrine of Christ are faith in God, and his Son Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost; repentance; baptism by proper authority for the remission of sins; the laying on of hands by authorized servants of God, in which the gift of the Holy Ghost is bestowed to lead the convert into all truth; the resurrection, through which the spirit of man and his renewed and changed body shall be reunited after death; and the judgment, by means of which men shall receive reward or punishment from the Lord, the just Judge, for their deeds and conduct in life.

Faith in these principles, ordinances and doctrines is fundamental to righteous living. Our performance of the practical laws, requirements and commandments of the gospel, such as prayer, observance of the word of wisdom, devotion and worship on the Sabbath day, the payment of tithing, and walking and dealing uprightly with our fellowmen and before God, the Father, is based primarily upon belief in the spiritual principles and doctrines, such as faith in God, in his Son Jesus Christ, the resurrection; and the life hereafter, and the eternal judgment. Without faith in these, there is no impetus to spur us on to such conduct in this life, as will enable us to merit, through works of righteousness and the mercy of the Lord, "peace in this world" and "eternal life," the greatest gift of God to man, "in the world to come."

But having a strong faith and a deep love of God, and being in possession of his commandments given by his Son Jesus Christ in both ancient and modern revelation—the doing, the action, the work, the struggle, devolves upon us. Knowing what the commandments are, great emphasis must be placed upon doing them. In this way comes the struggle, because no requirement finds fruition without work. But we must have faith in and know God and love him. Then we shall have heart to do his will and keep his commandments.

"The Lord is Risen Indeed"

Easter, or the Paschal celebration, which this year falls on April 12, is commemorative of the resurrection of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. The observance, however, seems to have degenerated into dress-parade by the adults, and to colored egg rolling,

and other amusements by the children; whereas, it was intended to remind mankind of the most marvelous miracle of all time, far-reaching in its beneficent effect upon the human race. Would it not, therefore, be eminently fitting to place greater emphasis upon the religious significance of the Paschal observance in the home and in the Church?

A serious word, at this time, on the resurrection is timely. The Latter-day Saints believe in the doctrine of a literal resurrection; an actual reunion of the essential parts of the tabernacles of the dead with their spirits. It is a Biblical doctrine, the sacred record being replete with testimony attesting the reality of the resurrection of Jesus Christ. His apostles and thousands of other witnesses were convinced by sight and personal contact of his resurrection from the dead. And all men shall be like him, in this respect. His apostles fearlessly testified that he arose from the dead. Peter on the day of Pentecost cried to the multitude: "This Jesus hath God raised up, wherefore we are all witnesses." It is mentioned by Paul as one of the common beliefs of the early Christian faith, and was by him declared to be the saving, basic principle upon which all Christianity rests. (I Cor. 15).

To that wonderful testimony may be added this one from Moroni's address to unbelievers, found in the Book of Mormon (Mormon 9:13, 14):

> The death of the Christ bringeth to pass the resurrection, which bringeth to pass a redemption from an endless sleep, from which sleep all men shall be awakened by the power of God when the trump shall sound; and they shall come forth, both small and great, and all shall stand before his bar, being redeemed and loosed from this eternal band of death, which is a temporal death.
>
> And then cometh the judgment of the Holy One upon them; and then cometh the time that he that is filthy shall be filthy still; and he that is righteous shall be righteous still; he that is happy shall be happy still; and he that is unhappy shall be unhappy still.

And again we may add the testimony of Christ himself as given in modern revelation:

> And then they shall look for me, and, behold, I will come; and they shall see me in the clouds of heaven, clothed with power and great glory, with all the holy angels; and he that watches not for me shall be cut off.
>
> But before the arm of the Lord shall fall, an angel shall sound his trump, and the saints that have slept shall come forth to meet me in the cloud.—(D. & C. 45:44, 45.)

An additional convincing witness of Christ's resurrection is the testimony of Joseph Smith who saw the Savior and the Father, the latter pointing to his Son, saying: "This is my beloved Son, hear him."

The resurrection is real. Christ is risen. Let us on this day

stress faith in the marvelous truth that all shall be brought forth from the grave.

Religious Training in the Home

Our duty is to establish faith in the resurrection in the hearts and minds of the young by religious training in the home. A knowledge of the resurrection must be guided by faith supported by revelation; it cannot come from scientific knowledge. Human research has failed. But faith and revelation give unequivocal and sure testimony.

It is well known that in the past sixty years there has been a persistent breakdown in religious ideals, and among the doctrines questioned stands the ressurrection. As a consequence year by year skepticism and loose morals have had a steady growth. Also our educational system has of necessity eliminated from its programs all thoughts of training in religion. It came to Utah years ago when the old Wilson Readers were eliminated from the schools, with their Bible stories and morals. Instead of placing emphasis on faith in God, in the resurrection and immortality of the soul, and training in a life of service, justice, and honesty to our fellows, the outstanding emphasis in education has been placed on material facts, efficiency, scientific knowledge, manipulation of business, and in obtaining skill and success in temporal affairs. This has been the case to such an extent that little if any training is now brought to bear, on the religious, moral and ethical sides of life. All this material knowledge has its use; but this training and efficiency has apparently not been backed up by character education. Think of the crime, the deceit, the dishonesty, the selfishness, forgery and theft in responsible positions in government and industry that mark the passing of recent years! Think of the fact that the actors are more often so-called educated people rather than persons from among the ignorant or uneducated. These facts in mind, it may well be asked by the thoughtful whether, with the billions spent in our country for education, we have been developing educated, well-trained minds that can as easily be turned to crime as to that which is good and constructive in first class citizenship; whether underlying our education there is a safe and sound character foundation! Have we stressed efficiency, skill to achieve so-called success, to the neglect of the fundamental religious principles of honesty, integrity, justice and love of God and our fellows?

The home must answer this question. It is the main unit of society that we must look to for a decision. Hence, the necessity for intense religious training in the home.

It cannot be left to the public schools, and must not be left

altogether, as is the tendency in our community, to our quorums and auxiliary organizations. Our Church schools and seminaries can only accomodate a few out of the many thousands. We, therefore, turn to the home to teach not only the practical principles of the gospel, but also the spiritual faith in God and in his Son Jesus Christ, and in the resurrection, the judgment, and a future life!—A.

Bits of Philosophy

Dignity is a crude substitute for humility.

Where selfish gratification begins sweet gratitude ends.

The hearthstone is the touchstone of civilization.

When you commence to be proud of your goodness, you cease to have any goodness to be proud of.

A fool is a fellow who does the same foolish things we do, differently from the way we do them.

Tact is the art of making the other fellow think that you think he is more important that you are.

NEPHI JENSEN.

Easter Bells

Sunday, April 12, 1925

Easter bells today are ringing,
  Many people bend the knee
To the Christ, the great Redeemer,
  Who was slain on Calvary.

Hallelujah, praise the Savior:
  He has risen from the dead;
Death and hell he truly conquered,
  Now with God, he's at the head.

Hallelujah, praise the Savior:
  Joining with the heavenly host,
Sing your praises to the Godhead,
  Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Granite, Utah. DAVID ARCHIBALD.

Statistical and Efficiency Reports, Y. M. M. I. A.

For February, 1925, 81 stakes and two missions reported. Thirteen stakes failed to report. They were Garfield, Gunnison, North Weber, Panguitch, Summit, Tooele, Wayne, Bannock, Curlew, Yellowstone, Juarez, Los Angeles and Kolob. Fourteen stakes reached the 100%. They were: Cache, Kanab, Liberty, North Davis, North San Pete, South Davis, Boise, Franklin, Malad, Pocatello, Lethbridge, Snowflake, Star Valley and Taylor. Several stakes came very close and, doubtless, reached the mark in March. The Superintendency and General Board are delighted with the showing and urge the continuance of interest until the year's activity shall culminate in the great Fiftieth Anniversary Jubilee, June 6 to 10.

Priesthood Quorums

General Conference

The Ninety-fifth Annual Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will convene in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, on Saturday, April 4, 1925, at 10 o'clock a. m., with sessions on Sunday and Monday, April 5 and 6.

The general Priesthood meeting will be held in the Tabernacle on Saturday evening, April 4, at 7 o'clock, and a special Priesthood meeting will be held in the Assembly Hall on Tuesday, April 7, at 10 a. m.

It is requested that in the Salt Lake, Ensign, Liberty, Pioneer, Granite, Grant and Cottonwood Stakes the monthly fast meeting be held on Sunday, March 29.

Missionary and other reunions should be arranged so as not to conflict with these appointments.

HEBER J. GRANT,
CHARLES W. PENROSE,
A. W. IVINS,
First Presidency.

The Melchizedek Priesthood Study

Subject: Doctrines of the Church; Text: *A Study of the Articles of Faith*

LESSON 18: SPIRITUAL GIFTS
Text: Chapter 12, pages 217-224

Study well the nature of spiritual gifts and the essential characteristics of miracles wrought by the power of the Holy Ghost. Scriptural proof of these gifts being essential characteristics of the Church of Jesus Christ may be considered in detail.

LESSON 19: SPIRITUAL GIFTS (Continued)
Text: Chapter 12, pages 224-233

By judicious assignment all the topics specified in the text can receive attention during the class period.

LESSON 20; THE HOLY BIBLE—Old Testament
Text: Chapter 13, pages 236-245

Note our acceptance of the Bible with reservation relating to correctness of transclation. As to the Old Testament, the principal topics to be studied are: its origin and growth, the language of the original writings, and the classification of its separate books. Learn the order in which the books occur.

LESSON 21; THE HOLY BIBLE—New Testament
Text: Chapter 13, pages 245-253

All topics treated in the text can be given consideration in the class period. Learn the order of the books in the new Testament.

LESSON 22; THE BOOK OF MORMON
Text: Chapter 14, pages 255-264

Consider the circumstances attending the bringing forth of the plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated. Study the title-page of the book. Distinguish the several colonies who migrated to the American continent and whose history is recorded or referred to in the Book of Mormon. Make clear the distinct character of the several sets of record plates named in the Book of Mormon.

Mutual Work

Tentative Outline for the Y. M. M. I. A., Jubilee Program, June 6 to 10, 1925

Saturday, June 6:

Afternoon and early evening, registration of delegates—Committee on Housing.

Evening, Grand reception—Committee on Recreation.

Sunday, June 7:

Regular conference, Spirituality—the general theme for the entire day. 10 a. m. 2; 7:30 p. m. All joint meetings.

Monday, June 8:

9-12 a. m. M. I. A. convention—Richard R. Lyman, Ruth May Fox and chairmen of Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A. joint committees, including separate committee on Organization and Membership. All joint work in general assembly.

Afternoon—Convention Work.

Evening—Pageant covering past, present and future of M. I. A.

Tuesday, June 9:

9-12 a. m. M. I. A. convention—Oscar A. Kirkham and chairmen of four Y. M. M. I. A. committees. All meet in general assembly.

Afternoon—Special features. Tryouts in contest work.

Evening—Grand contest and concert, and prize play, prize poem, song, will be presented.

Wednesday, June 10:

9-11 a. m. Rally—Awarding of Stake Jubilee certificates.

11-12 a. m. Assembling of Parade. 12 noon Parade.

Afternoon—M. I. A. excursion to Saltair.

Contests in Music and Literary Events

M. I. A. Jubilee, June 6-10, 1925

The following contests open to the Y. M. M. I. A., are approved for the June Jubilee, and the grand finals will be held during the Jubilee:

We shall depend upon the starred stakes in the districts, as published in the *Y. M. M. I. A. Hand Book*, page 77, to take the initiative and prepare for the district contests. The names of the winners of the district contests should be in hand at the general office, on or before May 20.

Each district winner in the Public Address should send to Oscar A. Kirkham, 47 E. So. Temple, a typewritten copy of his address.

We shall be pleased to know as early as possible the names of all M. I. A. bands and male choruses which intend to participate, so that we may furnish them with copies of the ensemble numbers.

We feel sure that you have already caught the spirit of our great celebration and will see that your stake becomes active in these events.

M. I. A. Band Contest

Prizes: $100, first; $50, second

Number to be played—"Spirit of America Patrol," by Zamenick.

Points of judgment:

1. Interpretation as per musical marking and general expression—20 per cent.
2. Tone quality—20 per cent.

3. Blending and balance—20 per cent.
4. Reading (producing proper notes)—20 per cent.
5. Tempo—10 per cent.
6. Attack and release—10 per cent.

Rules governing contests:

Members of M. I. A.
The band to take part in parade June 10.
Register before May 20.
Contestants must be amateurs.
An ametur is one who does not make the major portion of his or her salary by music. The amateur rule does not apply to the leader.

Prepare for ensemble playing, Tuesday evening, June 9, two numbers, "The Show Boy"—Will Huff; "The Royal Pageant"—Will Huff.

M. I. A. Stake Male Chorus

Prizes: $50, first; $25, second

Number to be contested—"Good Night" by Arthur B. Targett. in book, *Songs for Male Voices,* or published in Octavo form by Ginn & Co., Chicago, to be sung unaccompanied.
Points of Judgment named in *Hand Book* (Same as male quartette.)
Rules governing contests:

Members of M. I. A.
The chorus is to take part in big concert, June 9.
Register before May 20.
Members to be limited to stake.
Choruses limited to 12-24 members.

Numbers to be prepared for ensemble, "Till the Victory's Won," by Gates, (See April *Era*). "I'd Like to Go Down South Once More"—J. A. Parks.

M Men's Quartette

No. 71 "Swanee River," by Foster-Parks, Key G, Pub. J. S. Parks Co., York, Neb., price 15c. To be sung as written. For sale at music stores in Salt Lake.
For points of judgment and rules governing contest, see *Y. M. M. I. A. Hand Book.*

M Men's Public Address

See *Y. M. M. I. A. Hand Book.*
Committee on judges, under direction of B. Cecil Gates, Claude C. Cornwall, and Mrs. Vernetta Lindsay Hodgson.
For further information write to Oscar A. Kirkham, 47 E. So. Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah.

M. I. A. in Connecticut

John L. Allen, president of the New Haven conference, Hartford, Connecticut, reports three branches of the Church situated in the cities of Hartford and New Harven, Connecticut, and in Springfield, Massachusetts. These branches have only a population of twenty-one Latter-day Saints each, yet in them there is a fully organized M. I. A. in each branch. "We feel proud of the fact that we have three of the sixteen Mutual Improvement Associations of the Eastern States mission, and this is only one conference out of eleven conferences in the mission, placing us far ahead of the other

conferences in the line of M. I. A. work. Here in Hartford the M. I. A. was organized just a few months ago under my direction and is the first organization of the kind in this branch, which is only a little over two years old. The M. I. A. is a great help and their meetings are the very best held in the branch, and has the largest attendance of any other meetings, not exceeding the Sunday services held every Sunday. We put on a special activities program or social the first meeting night of every month, thus keeping the people here interested in our work. We are following the regularly prescribed courses of study as outlined in the *Era*, and the lessons are holding the interest of all and are proving a great asset to missionary work. I feel from our present progress, that we will be able to do great things in the line of Mutual work in the future."

M. I. A. Basketball Tournament

The 1925 inter-stake Y. M. M. I. A. Basketball tournament comprising the Salt Lake district, including eleven stakes, came to a close on the evening of Monday, March 9, when the Forest Dale ward team of the Granite stake defeated the Twenty-eighth ward team of the Salt Lake stake in the titular contest. A silver loving cup emblematic of the tourney championship will be awarded the winning team.

The champions as in the above picture are left to right: standing, back, Wayne Bennion, Richard Hansen, John Buhner, coach; Geo. Cameron, Jack Freeze, captain; kneeling, Paul Olsen, Vernon Anderson, Lowell Bennion and Richard Bird.

The winning team defeated the powerful Twenty-eighth ward boys of the Salt Lake stake 8 to 7. The low score gives some indication of the

close fight put up by both teams, and the interest continued from start to finish. The Poplar Grove boys of the Pioneer stake took third place in the rating by deafeating the Pleasant Green boys 20 to 13.

Fathers and Sons' Outing in South Africa

Conforming to the outlines submitted by the general officers of the Church on M. I. A. activities, the M. I. A. of the Mowbray branch of the South African mission take pride in announcing the successful efforts accompanying the first "Fathers and Son's Outing" held in South Africa.

On the evening of December 15, 1924, after the men were home from their day's work, twenty happy youths of varying ages, with knapsacks and blankets slung across their shoulders, left for Kirstenbosche, the National Botanical Gardens, to participate, in a pleasure the likes of which they had never before enjoyed. The hike to the camp was taken by way of the De Vaal drive, a beautiful roadway winding through the valley at the base of Table Mountain which rises majestically into the sky and overlooking the valley below. On either side of the road are the oaks with their gnarled branches forming an archway high overhead and presenting a picture, not of symmetry, but of strength and durability, synonymous with the youths of Zion marching beneath their branches. Songs were sung during the journey to camp to keep up the cheer and alleviate the tiresomeness of the climb.

Camp was reached at 9 o'clock p. m. The camp fire, which had been prepared by three of the elders who had gone on ahead, was burning brightly, and its flames, leaping into the air causing the shadows to flit and hop about as phantoms of the night, made a fitting setting for the evening supper which was soon served to the fatigued and hungry hikers, as they passed by the cooks, with smiling faces and keen appetites.

Songs were sung and stories enjoyed afterward, and as the fire began to dim and the air became fresh and still,—with hearts full of gratitude and thanksgiving every head was bowed in prayer.

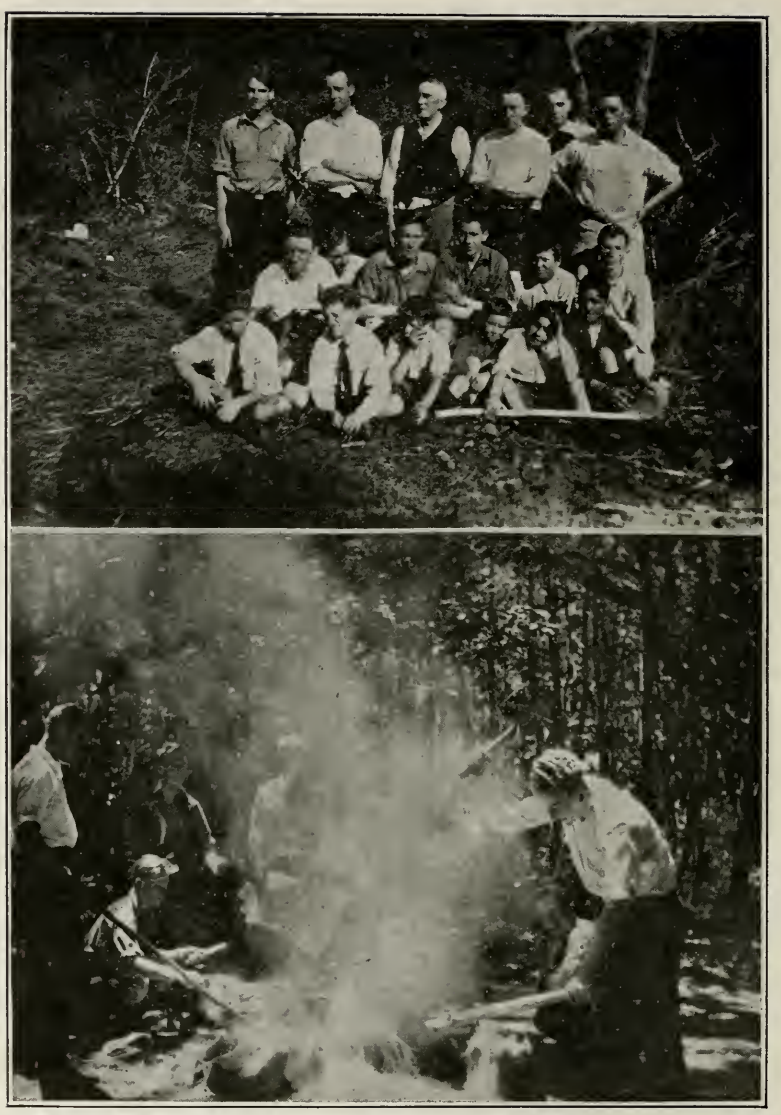
Under the huge oak trees with the fire flies and squirrels flitting and running about, this happy crowd went off to dreamland with tired bodies but light hearts.

With the first glimpse of dawn all were up and ready for the day's sports. Breakfast was handled in a first class manner; dishes were washed, beds aired, and camp put in first class order. Games were arranged so that everyone was kept happy, both old and young. Satan found no idle hands to assist him in this crowd.

After dinner everyone enjoyed a good rest during a "quiet hour" on this hot December holiday, under the shade of the trees, while the town people were sweltering with the heat. The time was far too short for all, but in the brief day and a night together we feel sure that stronger bonds of love and friendship were formed between father and son, brothers and friends.

Towards evening all knapsacks and blankets were neatly packed and strapped again to the shoulders of the happy boys ready for their return home. Prayer was offered by branch president Thomas Wilson after which camp was broken and the hike back to home was made. The Mowbray M. I. A. is now looking forward with joy and anticipation for a larger and even more successful Fathers and Sons' Outing in 1925.

This outing was conducted by Y. M. M. I. A. Superintendent Waldemar Y. Clayton and Conference President George Y. Pugmire with the traveling elders, Hyrum L. Crane, Clarence L. Rockwood, and Kenneth C. Woodruff, in attendance.—*George Pugmire, Conference President.*



FATHERS AND SONS' OUTING, DECEMBER 16, 1924, SOUTH AFRICA

Top: Y. M. M. I. A., Superintendent, Waldemar Y. Clayton; Conference President, George Pugmire; Branch President, Thomas Wilson; Elder Hyrum L. Crane; Elder Clarence L. Rockwood; Mr. A. Robus.

Bottom: Cooking dinner. Fathers and Sons' Outing, December 16, 1924, South Africa. Elder Pugmire, Alvin Park, Leslie Hobbs, Elder Woodruff, Elder Rockwood, Elder Crane.

M MEN'S BANQUET, LOS ANGELES STAKE

Los Angeles has a very active Young Men's Mutual Improvement organization, headed by our former Granite stake superintendent, a real, true and competent worker, Charles H. Norberg, and a company of enthusiastic assistants who fairly make the studies and activities zip. Recently they held an M Men's banquet of which the above is a partial reproduction. The Church authorities of the stake and wards are actively supporting the boys.

THE COUGARS

This basket ball team represents the Brigham Young University. The team won the 1924 basket ball championship of the State of Utah, and for the second consecutive year also won the championship for 1925 on March 7. The players are, front row, left to right: Fred "Buck" Dixon, forward; Orin "Bob" Howard, (captain) guard; Golden "Kid" Romney, center; Grant "Rags" Ingersoll, center; Reed Stewart, forward; Paul Packard, guard; back row: Paul Thorne, guard; Lowell Biddulph, forward; Elwood "Rip" Gledhill, guard; Monte Groesbeck, forward; Wesley Lloyd, forward; Fred "Frosty" Richards, forward, Chauncy Harmon, guard. (Not in picture.)

M. I. A. in New Zealand

Rulon H. Tingey, mission secretary, Auckland, New Zealand: "In practically all the organized branches of the mission we have a Mutual Improvement organization, all of which are joint, since the branches are so small that separate young men's and young ladies' associations are impracticable. There is a big field for Mutual work here, but we are so hampered by lack of numbers that the recreational phases particularly cannot be properly carried out. The young people here need such recreation since there is little or no home life and the public dances are in many instances improper. The result is, the moral standard is deteriorated and many of our younger members cannot wholly escape being influenced by the same."

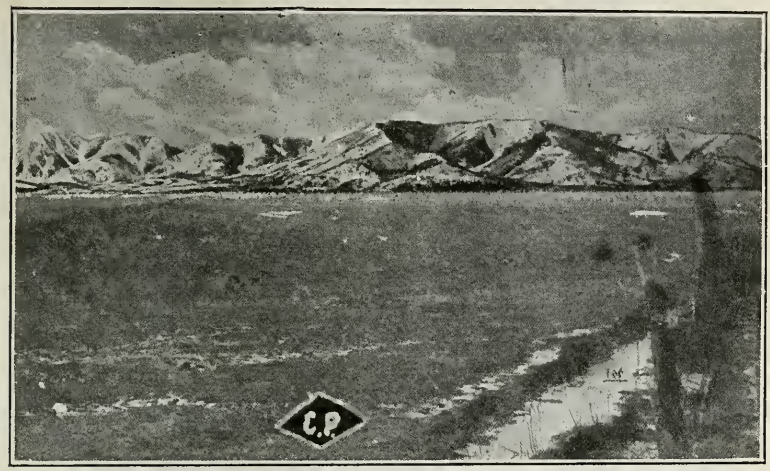
The Horse Head of San Juan

The west is noted for its majestic mountains, its peaceful valleys, its abysmal canyons and defiles, its noble rivers and placid lakes. Its natural beauty is unsurpassed anywhere on earth. Even the much celebrated and

advertised beauty of Switzerland cannot outrival either in magnitude or in natural beauty that of the western part of the United States. Utah holds front rank in the magnitude and beauty of her scenery, among her sister states.

Southeastern Utah is perhaps the richest region in the west for natural wonders. There are so many of these interesting scenes that we overlook many that are less conspicuous than Bryce's or Little Zion, or the natural bridges.

One's attention is drawn to Monticello, Utah, where nature has left



many marks of her love of the beautiful, the grand and the magnificent. West of Monticello are situated the Blue Mountains ranging from north to south. Near the northern part way up the side is located a beautiful horse head. Nature has so planted her trees and shrubbery that the head once located is plain and distinct. Down the face of the head the ground is bare producing the effect of a bausond-faced horse. In the winter time the white strip in the face makes the head stand out more plainly than at other times due to the contrast of the white snow against the dark trees.

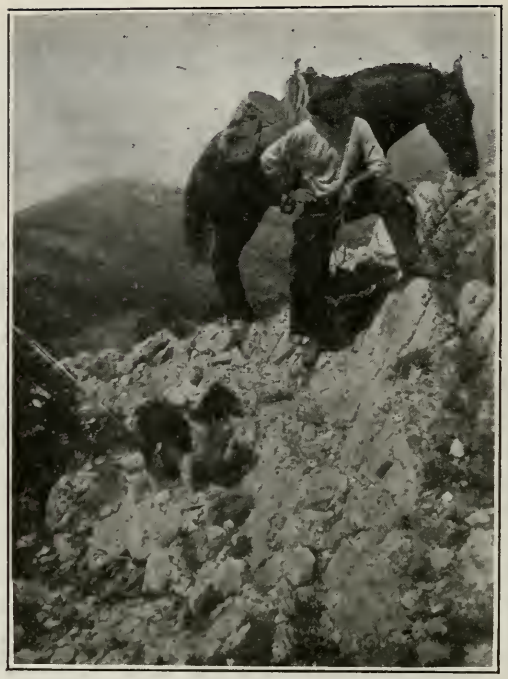
With stiffened ears and wide nostrils the horse reveals power and strength and beauty and defiance as if he had been rudely awakened by some intruder.

A view of this picture should make plain the simple beauty of the Blues and the noble sublimity of the Horse Head.—*Othello Hickman*, Monticello, Utah.

Nature

There are heights that men may reach
That will make the world applaud;
But they all do meet defeat,
When we view the works of God.

I love the mountains, and the beasts and the grass-grazing animals that roam among them. All of them have good traits. The trees, the flowers, the rocks and streams are great teachers, and I love to be among them in search of truth. It makes me partly realize the love the Savior had for the mountains of Galilee, how lonely he must have been to wander around among the people with no one to converse with, for he was the only one



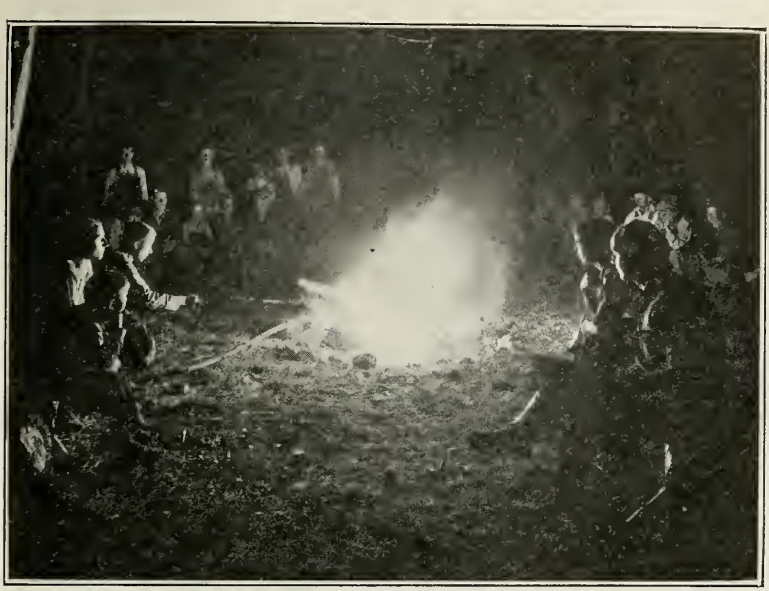
THE AUTHOR WITH TEX, THE PONY, AND BOB, THE DOG FRIEND

who fully understood; and the joy that must have come to him to have the privilege to go into the mountains alone and pray to his Father in heaven who understood all. I could weep for joy over the fine thoughts that have come to me, and yet I realize they are just bits of crumbs that have fallen from the Master's table.—*Christen Hansen,* Mink Creek, Idaho.

Snowflake Stake Reaches Top Under Difficulties

Stake Secretary Seymour P. Fish of the Snowflake stake, Arizona, in enclosing his efficiency report for February rejoices with us in the fact that they have attained 100%. He says: "The report conforms with all instructions except in the matter of the M Men. Only three of the wards have M Men classes organized as such. In these three wards there is not a young man of the age included in that class, and in the other wards there are so few that it is impossible to carry on regular class work. In these cases the boys of Senior class age meet either with the Juniors or the Advanced Seniors. In view of these conditions we have taken the liberty of reporting 10 on this item. The results for February are due to the special campaign for that month. In many cases the work has been done under considerable difficulty. In one small ward in the mountains the president of the young men, whose wife is also president of the young ladies, is employed in one town about 25 miles distant. Each week these two return to their home town in order that the M. I. A. work might not be neglected. It is interesting to note that the attendance for the month in this instance was 100% of the ward M. I. A. membership. The president of the young ladies' organization in another mountain town, having

no means of transportation, started to walk to Snowflake, more than 20 miles away, to be present at the February Union meeting. Fortunately, she had not walked far when a passing car picked her up. We do not know that the work next month will be quite so good, but we do know that there is increased interest in the M. I. A. work."



This picture sent us by Troop No. 15, Providence, Utah, Cache Valley Council, B. S. A., was taken at one of their week-end hikes, the Camp Fire story hour. The troop is under the leadership of Scoutmaster Leland Pickett. The picture was taken at the council week-end camp on the campue of the Utah Agricultural College in Logan.

Y. M. M. I. A. Statistical Report, February, 1925

STAKES	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and Class Leaders' Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Ad. Junior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders' Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Ad. Junior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Alpine	949	18	13	114	133	205	66	274	795	90	63	110	32	186	481
Bear River	476	12	8	68	154	114	13	102	451	46	70	46	7	69	238
Beaver	289	5	5	42	77	82	----	90	291	31	61	63	---	65	220
Benson	758	13	13	124	140	204	115	252	835	98	73	112	49	139	471
Box Elder	789	13	13	113	291	183	28	340	955	86	137	100	17	224	564
Cache	520	8	8	94	55	159	----	276	584	72	32	113	---	186	403
Carbon	360	9	7	55	92	46	29	114	336	36	38	32	9	87	202
Cottonwood	681	10	10	109	89	226	----	269	733	89	41	161	----	207	498
Deseret	435	12	11	96	254	129	83	138	700	67	164	93	52	100	476
Duchesne	300	10	10	71	93	63	21	86	334	59	72	48	17	62	258
Emery	525	10	10	80	72	168	----	231	551	60	40	120	----	164	384

STAKES	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and Class Leaders' Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Ad. Junor Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders' Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Ad. Junor Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Ensign	906	8	7	59	139	292	31	180	701	49	64	114	21	131	379
Granite	911	9	9	99	105	239	99	280	822	81	67	174	66	195	583
Grant	1113	12	12	133	116	264	127	339	979	103	53	166	67	255	644
Hyrum	459	10	10	75	165	155	----	229	624	63	75	74	----	93	305
Jordan	605	15	9	76	129	163	39	229	636	58	61	77	16	136	348
Juab	343	5	4	40	83	103	----	113	339	36	50	65	----	66	217
Kanab	210	6	6	58	79	44	----	91	272	39	68	29	----	78	214
Liberty	1325	12	12	129	288	388	119	399	1323	109	188	235	89	284	905
Logan	608	11	10	116	102	213	----	259	690	86	54	126	----	181	447
Millard	570	9	8	8	15	12	----	20	55	6	7	8	----	15	36
Morgan	198	8	8	59	116	44	11	91	321	46	76	30	8	70	230
Mount Ogden	596	8	8	71	107	183	----	222	583	58	54	95	----	154	361
Nebo	476	9	8	61	137	125	61	132	516	48	65	66	35	102	316
North Davis	451	7	7	63	103	114	16	153	449	51	60	97	12	110	330
North Sanpete	732	10	10	81	147	186	90	230	734	63	99	130	71	176	539
North Sevier	266	6	5	41	89	78	17	59	284	29	54	44	13	41	181
Ogden	791	10	10	93	135	222	13	263	726	75	42	117	9	161	404
Oquirrh	420	5	5	54	66	91	47	164	422	46	27	46	23	78	220
Palmyra	492	8	6	52	54	101	12	153	372	40	36	58	6	105	245
Parowan	463	8	8	60	150	96	36	104	446	39	86	72	28	72	297
Pioneer	777	10	10	97	83	219	51	254	704	79	39	126	32	167	443
Roosevelt	206	11	8	62	56	39	26	74	257	49	36	30	17	60	192
St. George	668	15	15	122	252	222	116	164	876	78	132	113	56	144	523
Salt Lake	1063	12	12	128	148	194	194	322	986	118	52	97	89	211	567
San Juan	173	4	4	34	59	70	21	82	266	23	37	45	15	47	167
Sevier	353	6	6	52	83	104	6	133	378	35	41	67	4	111	258
South Davis	503	8	8	80	105	128	23	257	593	69	67	90	14	153	393
South Sanpete	439	7	7	57	72	169	29	176	503	38	11	97	25	129	300
South Sevier	285	8	8	59	94	86	27	97	363	53	40	49	14	58	214
Tintic	254	5	5	39	98	46	2	133	318	29	49	21	1	78	178
Uintah	407	9	8	66	71	102	----	112	351	50	48	84	----	82	264
Utah	1100	15	15	131	164	299	----	430	1024	107	106	177	----	328	718
Wasatch	315	9	7	53	79	127	----	101	360	38	63	90	----	73	264
Weber	649	8	8	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----
Bear Lake	358	11	9	58	72	127	----	129	386	49	38	76	----	77	240
Bingham	530	11	11	96	191	135	50	169	641	65	114	67	39	119	404
Blackfoot	514	12	7	59	97	54	26	87	323	42	49	55	19	55	220
Blaine	140	4	3	26	47	41	----	50	165	16	18	28	----	30	92
Boise	358	8	8	65	85	88	60	86	384	46	56	58	45	60	265
Burley	315	9	9	71	135	83	14	129	432	53	76	39	9	75	252
Cassia	169	5	5	46	70	29	43	55	243	30	41	15	22	31	139
Franklin	420	11	11	107	154	137	9	204	611	80	92	96	8	138	414
Fremont	687	13	13	128	233	257	58	208	84	96	125	176	47	146	590
Idaho	169	7	5	49	59	29	----	49	186	32	35	15	----	31	113
Lost River	120	4	3	26	40	46	----	42	154	11	12	18	----	21	62
Malad	329	8	8	71	99	108	----	143	421	58	77	85	----	113	333
Minidoka	223	8	7	48	99	73	10	70	300	60	59	50	8	48	225
Montpelier	345	12	12	82	127	92	19	137	457	70	62	48	6	80	266
Oneida	354	11	9	64	85	62	6	116	333	42	44	32	5	80	203
Pocatello	473	10	10	108	104	151	26	151	540	90	65	95	23	115	388
Portneuf	191	11	7	54	60	49	16	73	252	46	45	29	14	49	183
Raft River	160	8	6	34	55	34	----	43	166	24	19	14	----	21	78
Rigby	535	13	13	122	137	133	152	13	557	89	64	86	11	93	343
Shelley	335	9	9	76	110	100	82	52	420	59	66	61	38	43	267
Teton	300	8	6	35	49	43	19	18	164	34	50	14	16	13	127
Twin Falls	194	7	7	50	102	60	----	74	286	31	49	37	----	49	166

STAKES	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and Class Leaders' Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Ad. Junior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders' Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Ad. Junor Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Alberta	353	11	11	88	137	149	31	151	556	58	75	91	19	102	345
Big Horn	340	7	3	18	40	50	20	43	171	9	17	25	12	21	84
Lethbridge	240	9	8	60	78	67	30	55	290	50	65	40	23	45	223
Maricopa	361	8	8	64	153	89	54	94	454	55	105	67	19	89	335
Moapa	213	8	5	44	69	49	00	62	224	35	36	26	00	43	140
St. Johns	738	6	4	26	38	45	16	68	193	25	26	27	9	57	144
St. Joseph	516	16	11	90	90	150	...	142	472	49	43	59	...	61	212
San Juis	198	4	4	32	45	62	...	93	232	21	17	21	..	43	102
Snowflake	289	10	10	49	101	37	31	109	327	42	71	21	18	84	236
Star Valley	366	11	11	105	67	94	23	98	387	86	66	99	17	89	357
Taylor	316	6	6	70	90	96	54	119	429	53	60	63	41	82	299
Union	194	7	6	53	50	85	24	45	257	39	30	35	11	30	145
Woodruff	435	8	8	66	141	113	3	128	451	52	80	58	1	74	263
Young	85	4	4	26	32	51	...	44	153	18	25	34	...	29	106
Calif. Mission	707	30	24	186	289	239	..	189	903	145	186	135	...	140	606
N. W. States		16	16	86	141	39	23	33	322	73	106	32	19	23	253

Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report, February, 1925

STAKES	Membership	Class Work	Recreation	Scout Work	"M" Men	Slogan	"Era"	Fund	Monthly Stake and Ward Officers' Mtgs.	Ward Officers' Meetings	Total
Alpine	8	6	7	7	6	7	6	5	6	6	64
Bear River	9	5	10	10	10	10	10	8	10	10	92
Beaver	10	10	8	10	8	8	6	10	8	5	83
Benson	10	6	10	9	9	10	9	8	10	8	89
Box Elder	10	6	10	10	6	10	10	10	9	9	90
Cache	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Carbon	8	6	10	5	6	10	3	8	8	10	74
Cottonwood	10	10	9	9	10	10	9	10	10	9	96
Deseret	10	10	8	4	6	10	10	10	10	8	86
Duchesne	10	10	10	3	5	10	5	6	7	7	73
Emery	10	10	10	8	7	10	8	6	9	7	87
Ensign	7	6	10	10	10	10	7	6	10	10	86
Granite	9	10	10	10	10	10	8	6	10	10	93
Grant	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	99
Hyrum	10	5	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	94
Jordan	10	6	10	9	7	10	10	6	10	9	87
Juab	9	6	10	10	10	10	10	8	10	9	92
Kanab	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Liberty	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Logan	10	9	10	10	10	9	9	9	10	9	95
Millard	1	9	10	10	5	10	9	10	10	9	83
Morgan	10	10	10	10	8	9	10	10	10	8	95
Mount Ogden	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	99
Nebo	10	7	6	6	4	9	2	2	9	9	64
North Davis	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
North Sanpete	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
North Sevier	10	10	10	4	5	10	5	5	10	6	75
Ogden	9	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	95

STAKES	Membership	Class Work	Recreation	Scout Work	"M" Men	Slogan	"Era"	Fund	Monthly Stake and Ward Officers' Mtgs.	Ward Officers' Meetings	Total
Oquirrh	10	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	95
Palmyra	8	7	8	10	5	10	7	4	7	6	72
Parowan	9	7	8	9	10	10	9	9	.	6	77
Pioneer	9	6	10	10	9	10	7	7	10	10	88
Roosevelt	10	10	2	3	5	1	5	7	6	6	55
St. George	10	6	7	4	5	10	7	8	6	6	69
Salt Lake	9	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	98
San Juan	10	10	10	5	8	10	10	7	10	10	90
Sevier	10	10	10	7	10	10	10	10	10	10	97
South Davis	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
South Sanpete	10	10	9	9	10	10	10	7	10	10	95
South Sevier	10	10	8	8	6	8	8	10	9	8	85
Tintic	10	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	95
Uintah	9	10	10	5	6	10	9	6	10	10	85
Utah	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	98
Wasatch	10	10	10	4	10	10	10	10	10	10	94
Weber	8	7	9	9	7	10	9	9	10	10	88
Bear Lake	10	6	10	6	3	8	7	7	7	8	72
Bingham	10	9	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	98
Blackfoot	6	10	9	5	10	10	10	8	9	10	87
Blaine	10	6	8	5	3	8	6	8	8	8	70
Boise	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Burley	10	10	9	6	8	10	10	9	8	9	89
Cassia	10	8	10	10	8	10	10	10	10	10	96
Franklin	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Fremont	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	99
Idaho	10	9	3	10	8	8	8	10	10	6	82
Lost River	10	7	7	5	7	7	6	6	5	5	65
Malad	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Minidoka	10	10	9	5	8	9	8	10	5	7	82
Montpelier	10	9	10	5	7	10	10	10	10	10	91
Oneida	9	9	7	10	6	10	9	7	10	8	85
Pocatello	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Portneuf	10	10	7	4	2	8	6	7	10	7	71
Raft River	10	5	4	----	1	6	5	6	2	6	45
Rigby	10	9	10	7	7	10	9	9	10	8	89
Shelley	10	10	10	8	8	10	10	9	9	9	93
Teton	5	10	5	3	3	10	8	7	10	5	66
Twin Falls	10	9	9	4	5	9	8	8	9	7	78
Alberta	10	9	9	10	10	9	9	9	10	9	94
Big Horn	5	5	4	1	1	4	2	3	3	4	32
Lethbridge	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Maricopa	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	99
Moapa	10	6	10	8	0	10	10	10	10	10	84
St. Johns	8	10	7	5	----	10	7	6	5	6	64
St. Joseph	9	5	10	5	3	10	10	8	10	10	80
San Luis	10	7	5	5	3	7	6	4	8	5	60
Snowflake	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Star Valley	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Taylor	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Union	10	9	10	7	9	10	10	10	10	10	95
Woodruff	10	9	10	10	9	10	8	9	5	8	88
Young	10	10	10	----	5	10	5	7	7	7	71
Calif. Mission	10	10	8	2	3	9	8	6	2	8	63
N. W. States	10	10	9	1	----	10	8	7	----	5	60

Passing Events

The new secretary of state is Frank B. Kellog, of Minnesota, whose nomination to succeed Charles E. Hughes as secretary of state was confirmed by the senate, Feb. 16, 1925.

The egg export from Utah during 1924 is said to have amounted to 50 million eggs. Three years ago Utah imported a considerable amount of that necessary part of human food supply.

A law against wearing masks in public, and while wearing masks entering public buildings and private residences in Texas, was signed by the governor, Mrs. Miriam Ferguson, and is, therefore, now the law of that state.

All the world will celebrate the 200th anniversary of the birth of George Washington, if the nations accept the invitation to do so, that will be issued from our National Capital. The day will be observed Feb. 22, 1932.

Mr. Harry L. Finch is appointed commissioner, to fill the vacancy in the Salt Lake Commission, caused by the death of Dr. M. R. Stewart. The new commissioner is a native of Cedarvale, Kansas, and came to Salt Lake City in 1892. He is a restaurant keeper.

Two ancient cities, or what remains of them, have been discovered near Cuzco, Peru. One is supposed to be of Inca and the other of pre-Inca origin. The discoverer says that he found remains of stone buildings, a temple and a fountain in the Inca city and that there were traces of a wide road which descended into the valley.

Automobiles to the value of $60,000 were stolen in Salt Lake City during the first two months of 1925, according to figures compiled by Deputy Sheriff A. S. Nichols. The figures represent 104 cars. The deputy declared that 90 per cent of these thefts were commited by juveniles, which simply indicates that in this jazz-crazed, mammon-worshiping world, we are losing our moral bearings.

A new tomb is discovered in Egypt near the Giza pyramids, by the Harvard university—Boston Museum expidition, thought to be 1700 years older than the tomb of Tutankhamen. It is supposed to belong to the time of King Seneferu, the first king of Dynasty IV, the predecessor of Cheops, about 3,000 B. C.

The correct measurements of the earth, as calculated by the late Professor John Fillmore Hayford, of the Northwestern University school of engineering, Chicago, and accepted at the international Geodetic and Physical Union at its recent meeting, in Madrid, are 7,926,678 miles for the equatorial, and 7,899.964 miles for the polar diameter. This is believed to be correct within a hundred feet or so.

Returning sanity is seen in the statement made by Sir Arthur Keith, British anthropologist, that the period generally assigned to the age of man on earth—500,000 years—may have to be shortened. He has come to the conclusion that the African negro is not an old tribe, but of recent origin. Living men, he says, have been discovered who resemble men whom we formerly knew only as fossils.

U. S. Senator Medill McCormick, of Illinois, died in a hotel in Wash-

ington, Feb. 25, 1925, at the age of 47 years. He was found dead when his apartment was broken into. He was one of the "irreconcilables" during the fight against the late President Wilson, on the Versailles peace treaty and the League of Nations. Mrs. McCormick is the daughter of the late politician, Mark Hanna.

An earth tremor was felt in the northeastern portion of the United States and the southeastern portion of Canada, March 1, 1925, the origin of which is puzzling to scientists. The disturbance lasted a couple of minutes. Three deaths were reported from the St. Lawrence and Saguenay valleys, Canada, and one from Newark, Ohio. The Roman Catholic church at St. Hilarion, sixty miles from Quebec, was demolished.

Dr. Marion LeRoy Burton, died Feb. 18, 1925, at Ann Arbor, Mich., of a complication of diseases. For a number of years he has been president of the University of Michigan. Burton suffered his first illness last May, but recovered sufficiently to take his usual part in the June commencement exercises of the school. He spent the summer in rest, broken only by the trip to Cleveland, where he made the speech nominating Calvin Coolidge for president.

Hjalmar Branting, recently prime minister of Sweden, died in Stockholm, Feb. 24, 1925, after an illness that began Nov. 30, last, with influenza. For some time the reports of his condition were optimistic, but, finally, gallstone inflammation developed and it became evident that the end was approaching. The death of Branting is a great loss to his country, and to the cause of progress and civilization in all the world. In the meetings of the Council of the League of Nations he will be missed, for there he was a pillar of strength. His successor in the Swedish cabinet is Rickard Sandler.

Chileon L. Miller, a Utah pioneer of 1849, died at his residence in Murray, March 9, 1925. He was the first mayor of Murray, and, in his early days, was quite active in the building up of this section of the State. In 1894 and 1895 he filled a mission to the Northern States. At the time Granite stake was organized he was chosen as a member of the presidency of the high priests quorum, a position which he held until the organization of the Cottonwood stake, at which time he became president of the high priests quorum, of that stake. He was recently ordained a patriarch.

Former U. S. Senator Wm. A. Clark of Montana died, March 2, at his home in New York, of pneumonia, at the age of 86. He was one of the wealthiest men of the United States, his income being, at one time, estimated at $12,000,000 a year. One of his close friends in Utah was the late United States Senator Thomas Kearns, who was associated with him in the building of the Salt Lake & Los Angeles railroad, which then was known as the San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake railroad. Senator Kearns and Senator Clark were close personal friends, and their friendship resulted in the formation of partnerships in many Utah enterprises.

Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, the famous Chinese politician, died at Pekin, March 12, 1925, after an operation performed at the Rockefeller hospital, Jan. 26. Few, if any, statesmen, past or present, have known more ups and downs, more victories and defeats, more loyalty or more treachery than Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, the first provisonal president of China, frequently called the "father of the republic" and often referred to as the "George Washington of the far east." Dr. Sun, although few of his associates knew it, was a Christian. He was born in Honolulu in 1862 and received his medical education in the Hongkong college. He was married quite early in life and was the father of two children, a son and a daughter.

A burning sea was the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, March 2, 1925, when burning gasoline from thousands of cases spread over the water, owing to an explosion. In the morgue were 274 bodies on March 2, and it was feared that hundreds more would be found. The 274 bodies were all from Cajus Island where the explosion of 38 tons of dynamite on Feb. 27, resulted in more than 600 deaths and 1,379 injured on the Island and in the city of Rio three miles away. Eighteen are dead in Rio. In addition to the fatalities the enormous number of injured include more than 200 rendered deaf by the explosion. A number went insane. Five additional explosions occurred on March 1, destroying remaining quantities of dynamite on Nichteroy Island.

Friederich Ebert, first president of the German republic, died, Feb. 28, 1925, of peritonitis, following an operation for appendicitis. He was elected provisional president Feb. 11, 1919, receiving two-thirds of the votes cast in the German assembly. Despite his vigorous opposition to the varied movements of the Spartacists and Communists, President Ebert handled the difficulties of his position so well that in 1922, he was requested by a coalition of several parties to remain in office until June, 1925. One danger after another threatened Ebert's government, with riots breaking out in many parts of Germany, with food extremely scarce and the mark plunging down into an abyss of financial ruin. Ebert weathered storm after storm, watched ministry succeed ministry and worked out each toward his country's rehabilitation.

Hyrum Smith Young died, Feb. 28, at his home in Salt Lake City, of blood pressure. He was born at Salt Lake, January 2, 1851, and was a son of the late President Brigham Young and Emmeline Free Young. In 1872 he married Georgiana Fox, daughter of Jesse W. Fox, one of the original surveyors of Salt Lake, the marriage taking place in Salt Lake City. In 1882 he entered the banking business as a profession. That year he went to Ogden and helped organize the First National bank, now the First Utah National bank. Mr. Young returned to Salt Lake in 1889 and became cashier of the Deseret National bank, which position he held at the time of his death. He is survived by the following children: Mrs. W. D. Nebeker, Mrs. C. W. Gates, Leslie G. Young, who is assistant cashier of the Deseret National bank; Mrs. George H. Taylor, Miss Georgia Young. Dow H. Young and Dale S. Young.

A railroad through the Uintah basin may be constructed in the near future. At a annual meeting, March 9, in Salt Lake City, of the Salt Lake and Denver Railroad company and the Utah-Colorado Industrial corporation, a resolution was passed authorizing the application to the interstate commerce commission for a certificate of convenience and necessity for the construction of a railroad from Provo to connect with the Denver and Salt Lake railroad ((Moffat line) at Craig, Colo. The granting of the application would mean the construction of a railroad from Craig, Colo., through the Uintah basin to Provo, thus opening up a region in Utah unusually rich in resources. With the construction of the proposed line and the completion of the Moffat road through the Moffat tunnel, the distance from Denver to Salt Lake will be cut from 745 miles to 575 miles.

Michel Harry De Young, publisher of the San Francisco Chronicle, died in San Francisco, Feb. 15, 1925, after an operation for intestinal trouble. He was 75 years of age. Mr. De Young was born in St. Louis, Mo., in 1849. He was descended from a French noble family. At an early age he removed to San Francisco where he was educated. In 1865 Mr. De Young, with his brother, Charles, established *The Dramatic Chronicle,* which was made a leading newspaper on the death of Charles in 1880. At that

time Mr. De Young became sole proprietor of the paper and its editor-in-chief. The *Chronicle* publisher often told of how he and his brother started their little paper on a borrowed twenty-dollar gold piece. *The Chronicle* today is one of the largest daily newspapers in the United States.

The 16th legislature of the State of Utah adjourned March 13, 1925 at 2:43 in the morning. Before closing, the Sharp bill concerning the use of schoolhouses in the State was passed. As amended it provides "that no public schoolhouse erected by school funds, shall be used for any religious purpose whatsoever, except funeral services, until thirty minutes after school shall have closed on any day in which school is in session in such schoolhouse." The bill, as originally proposed, was intended as a blow at the religion classes of the Church. As amended, it permits such classes in the schoolshouses after school hours, provided half an hour's recess is given for the purpose of airing the schoolroom and giving the children needed exercise. This compromise was accepted in the interest of harmony. The bill seemingly permits funeral services to be held in the schoolhouses during school hours, and without preceding ventilation.

The tide against tobacco is rising all over the country among athletes and athletic organizations. Three state high school Athletic Associations—Minnesota, North Dakota and Kansas—have taken positive action, prohibiting any student who smokes from being a representative of the school he attends, in any kind of athletic contest. The effect for good is seen in many schools in the above states, not only among athletes, but among other students, to whom many of the athletes are heroes. Its influences reach down in the grades, as well. Prof. Ringdahl, superintendent of the school in Dawson, Minn., says: "I have heard grade boys say 'I'm not going to smoke, because when I get into high school, I want to play basketball.'" Walter Christie, coach at the University of California for over twenty years, said to a group of high school boys: "Tobacco is the greatest curse in America today, doing far more harm than liquor has ever done."—*Will H. Brown*, Oakland, California.

The body of Floyd Collins was found, Feb. 16, 1925, by one of the laborers of the rescue party. Death had come, according to the opinion of physicians, only 24 hours before the arrival of the rescuers. Collins entered the cave January 30, in order to explore it, although this was known to be a dangerous undertaking. When he failed to return the next day, his relatives became anxious for his safety, and a friend entered the cave to look for him. He found him about 65 feet from the mouth of the grotto, unable to proceed any further, because his left foot had been caught by a fallen boulder, holding him as in a trap, pinned to the spot. Shortly afterwards a brother accompanied his friend to the imprisoned man. They brought with them food and blankets, and a lamp attached to an electric wire but could not liberate him. Then a rescue party was organized. The fourth day after the accicdent, Collins was entirely shut off from the rest of the world, through some displacement of the earth and gravel. It was then decided to sink a shaft from the top of the hill. It was this work that ended in the finding of the body, seventeen days after the accident occurred. It is estimated that $150,000 was spent on the rescue work.

Waldo and Thon Call were cruelly murdered, March 5, 1925, near Penuelos ranch, Chihuahua, Mexico, by a Mexican, whom they befriended. According to a communication to Pres. A. W. Ivins from Joseph C. Bentley, president of the Juarez stake, the boys, 20 and 5 years old respectively, had been transporting merchandise from a store at Dublan to the Garretas ranch. While on the road they overtook a Mexican man, a woman and child. The Call boys invited them to ride and gave them food. The group camped

near Penuelos ranch. It appears that Waldo was preparing supper at the fire and the Mexican was splitting wood behind him with an ax. With robbery as the probable intent, it is supposed the Mexican slipped up behind Waldo and hit him over the head with his own ax. Waldo's body was found near the wagon tongue, with evidence of a struggle and his clothes were covered with dirt and blood. There were eight or nine wounds on his head. The small boy was cut in the forehead, and apparently died instantly. From the description of the persons riding with the boys, it is thought they were prisoners liberated from Nueva Casas Grandes, and that the man was probably insane. Waldo was the son of Dottie Call, who died 10 years ago, and Thon's mother is still living.

Edwin Hamblin's death is more than the going of an individual, it is the passing of an institution—one no longer understood and not appreciated now, 'tis true, but an institution that was very, very useful in its day in the west. When Brigham Young came with the pioneers to Utah he saw that it was cheaper to feed the Indians than it was to fight them. This required a lot of men to go on to the frontier and learn the Indian language, the Indian ways and to get their confidence. He picked Jacob Hamblin, the greatest of them all, Thales Haskell, Ira Hatch, Edwin Hamblin, and later Dan W. Jones to go to Arizona and A. E. Teitjen to go to New Mexico, and make this their life work. To do this they gave up all that most civilized people think is best in life, but they did go and they were devoted—devoted to the Church and white friends left behind and to the Indians among whom they went. With the passing of Edwin Hamblin, all the older ones are gone, and only A. E. (Hans) Teitjen, of the younger ones, is left. Those men saved lives by the thousand. In the whole settlement of the west, none were more useful. In my opinion, there is no more honored grave in all the west than that of Jacob Hamblin, at Alpine, Arizona, and that of Edwin Hamblin, in St. George, deserves to be classed with it.—*George H. Crosby, Jr.*, Green River, Wyo., Jan. 26, 1925.

Alma Eldredge passed away in his home in Salt Lake City, Feb. 22, of pneumonia, 83 years of age. He was born near Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 13, 1841, the son of Ira and Nancy Black Eldredge, and late in the year 1847 crossed the plains to Utah with his parents in a train commanded by Captain Daniel Spencer. In 1861 he went to Coalville, where he engaged in the ranching and stock-raising business, and was one of the four to construct the first ditch to tap the Weber river in Summit county for irrigation purposes. In 1863 he was married to Marinda M. Merrill of Ogden, who survives him. Later he followed freighting from Salt Lake City east along the mail line, and in 1868 was occupied in grading of the Union Pacific railroad company east of Evanston, Wyo. From 1869 to 1871 he filled a mission in England and Ireland. In 1879 he entered the mercantile business, and was also for a number of years identified with the Johnson coal mine at Coalville. He took a prominent part in local politics, having served in the offices of sheriff of Summit county, prosecuting attorney for that county, and for three terms as probate judge. He was a member of the last territorial legislative council from his district, and took an active part in all legislative matters. He was also a member of three state constitutional conventions the last one of which framed the present constitution of the state of Utah. In 1898 he was his party's candidate for congress, but was defeated by the Democratic nominee. In L. D. S. Church matters he took an active part, and at the time of his death was a high priest.

Calvin Coolidge and Charles G. Dawes assumed their high offices of president and vice-president, respectively, on March 4, 1925, when the 68th Congress came to a close and the Senate of the 69th was called into extra session. Mr. Coolidge renewed his oath of office on his grandmother's Bible

and in a short inaugural address restated his policies of government frugality. General Dawes furnished a succession of surpises and thrills that stirred senatorial ire. First, he read the riot act to the senate on the necessity of revising its rules to outlaw the one-man filibuster. Then, instead of swearing in the new senators in fours, he ordered them brought up in a bunch. Then he cut short the ceremony of senators signing the book, and finally, without any senator having made a motion to adjourn, he announced that the deliberative body would proceed to attend the inauguration. President Coolidge in his inaugural address declared that the condition of the world is satisfying and encouraging and that our own country is leading the world in the general readjustment of the results of the great conflict. He continued by saying that human nature is the most constant thing in the universe, and that essentials of human relationship do not change. Our country represents nothing but peaceful intentions toward all the earth, but it ought not to fail to maintain such a military force as comports with the dignity and security of a great people. It ought to be a balanced force, intensely modern, capable of defense by sea and land, beneath the surface and in the air. He said he was strongly in favor of a continuation of conferences on the limitation of our sea power whenever conditions are such that there is even a promise that practical and favorable results might be secured. He expressed himself as being in favor of economy and toleration and concluded by declaring that America seeks no earthly empire built on blood and force * * * She cherishes no purpose save to merit the favor of Almighty God.

Spring

Through the dreariness of Winter
  Comes the morning light of Spring
All our lives and loves are brightened
  With the beauty that it brings.

All the silent velvety stilness
  That comes on the heels of a heavy storm
Has been filled with chirps and singing
  That always greet the new Spring morn.

Upward springs the lovely flowers
  Glad to feel the warmth and light,
All the world looks up with gladness
  Beyond the clouds of fleecy white.

With it comes the birds returning
  From the sunny lands beyond,
And the little quacks and hisses
  Come from off the old goose pond.

Should we not then all endeavor
  To keep the happiness and cheer
That comes directly after Winter
  Throughout the whole long year?

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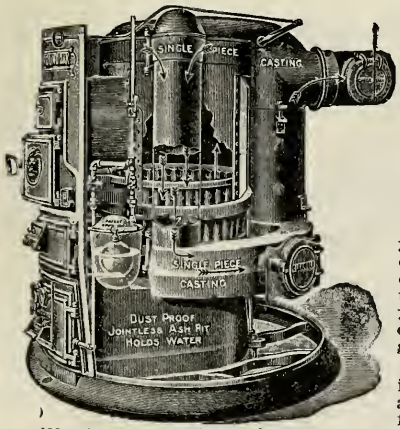

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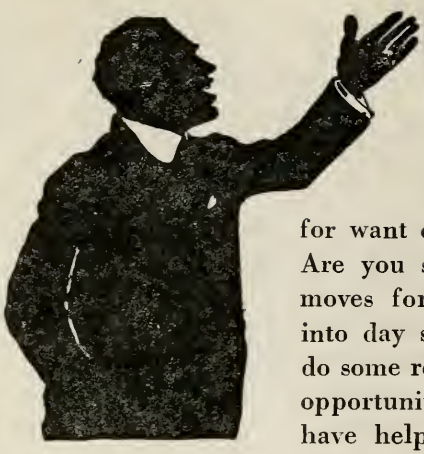

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